

“Harry, Harry stop that!” Lily cried out to her youngest son, as he tugged at the table cloth.

“Harry!” Lily only just managed to levitate the breakfast dishes into the air before Harry pulled off the tablecloth, sending it tumbling down over his head.

“Oh Harry,” Lily sighed as Harry rocketed around the room, knocking over objects as he went, the tablecloth covering his small body. Harry had learned to walk at nine months, which wasn’t that odd for a baby, it had been known, to happen but it was still quite advanced. Matt, Harry’s twin had walked a few weeks after, egged on by Harry running around the room in his usually energetic style.

Just as Lily picked up the vase Harry had disturbed the front door banged opened and her husband James Potter entered the room.

James was a not a tall man about five foot eight. He had short jet black hair, a thin face and hazel eyes. As soon as Harry heard the door a smile sprang to his face and he ceased his rampage about the living room streaked over to his father, his little legs taking him across the room in a blur of white to land in a heap at his father’s feet.

“It’s a ghost,” James chortled, scooping up Harry in his arms and swinging him around, Harry laughing all the while.

James kicked the door shut with his foot and walked over to his wife, standing in the middle of the room with her arms folded.

“Hey honey,” James pecked Lily on the cheek. “Where’s Matt?”

Matt was the oldest Potter son. He and Harry were born only minutes apart. Matt was born at 11:59 p.m. and Harry at 12:00 midnight, on July 31st.

“Upstairs asleep,” Lily answered, addressing James. “Where Harry should be.” The last thing she said was directed more towards Harry than James.

It wasn't too unusually for Harry to be up when his twin was asleep, he was a very active baby and even at night he refused to sleep. Lily often remarked that she was so thankful that Matt wasn't the same or she would never survive.

Harry's only reply was a raspberry and giggling, he seemed to know exactly what his parents were saying. At this, James snorted and raced up the stairs zipping Harry above his head, all while he and Harry laughed.

In a few minutes James returned back downstairs having put Harry to sleep with a light drowsiness spell he used to use on Sirius when he started to get annoying at school and even now. Lily could never figure out how he did it so quickly when it could take her hours to get Harry to even consider sleeping. Walking into the kitchen, James found Lily sitting at the table sipping butter beer, looking tired.

"What's wrong hun? James asked, taking the seat next to her.

"I don't know how long this is going to last James." Lily said sadly, cradling her head in her hands and sounding at the point of tears.

"Shh hun," James said, wrapping his arm around Lily. "We're protected from him. Peter is the secret keeper. He can't find us now."

This did very little to comfort Lily and only caused the tears that were welling behind her eyes to stream down her cheeks. "What if he finds a way to overcome it? I can't lose the twin James, I can't lose you."

"Shh," James said, pulling Lily into a tighter hug as she sobbed. "It'll be alright. I don't know how long it will last Lily, it worries me too but if Dumbledore can't overcome it, I doubt Voldemort can. Dumbledore is the most powerful wizard and he assured us it will hold. Don't you trust him?"

Lily sniffed, "I know I'm being silly, of course I trust Dumbledore, it's just so hard to think of losing you." Lily sobbed again at the end of the sentence.

"I know," James whispered, "I know."

BANG!

An enormous noise interrupted from the front door, jerking the couple out of their embrace.

Lily screamed and James shot her a wide eyed look before bolting out of his chair and into the living room, Lily close behind.

James mouth went dry as he looked upon the wreckage that had once been the living room. The furniture in the room had been thrown to the side and most of the chairs had splinted and in the place where the front door used to stand, stood a figure. His eyes were blood red and his nostrils were slits. His face looked almost scaly and his skin was as white as chalk. The thing's wand was levelled at James chest.

"Voldemort," James whispered.

"So nice that we should meet again, James Potter." Voldemort hissed.

A cry sounded from upstairs and all eyes shifted to the stairs.

"Lily run!" James screamed. "Take the twins and run! I'll hold him off!"

"Still as cocky as ever," Voldemort hissed, his eyes flying back to meet James' as Lily ran for the stairs. "That can be fixed. Crucio!"

James dived behind the remains of an armchair and just missed the curse. Drawing his wand James jumped out from behind the chair just as Voldemort blew it apart.

"James!" Lily screamed from the stairs. Turning around and looking like she would come to help her husband.

"Lily run!" James screamed, dodging another curse as Voldemort advanced.

"Hiding boy, I expected more, afraid of Lord Voldemort."

"Never," James yelled, jumping out from behind the chair. "Stupefy!"

Voldemort simply waved his wand and the spell hit his shield and evaporated. The pair circled each other, both cautious of any attack that may come.

Lily still hadn't moved from the stairs and she seemed divided between helping her husband and going to her children. James' eyes left Voldemort's for a second to meet Lily's.

"Lily! Save the twins!" James screamed again. Voldemort took this opportunity to shoot the cruciatus curse and James barely had time to flatten himself to the floor before it shot over his head. Only his reflexes saved him. It seemed James' last plead had effected Lily and she darted up the stairs, leaving her husband to face Voldemort alone.

"Well as much fun as you could prove to be, I do not have the time nor patience to dispose of you." Voldemort said, dodging a stunning James shot at him and returning fire with a cutting hex.

"As I'm sure you would just keep weaving in behind all these obstacles I do not have the time or the patience to eliminate them all. I will then have to do the next best thing to killing you, I will torture you. I have wanted to try this spell for a while; it is of my own invention. You see what it does is cover an area around myself and anyone caught in the blast will be rendered unconscious and made to relive their most terrible memories, with no relief. If the spell is not taken off, the strain of being imprisoned in ones mind will eventually kill the person. Quite ingenious don't you think?" Voldemort remarked dodging another of James' spells.

James face grew fearful but only for a second before a mask of bravery came back and he flung a boil hex at Voldemort "I think it's rather uncreative actually." James taunted, "you'd think with calling yourself the most powerful wizard that you would be able to think of something better."

Voldemort snarled in anger. "If that's how you feel," Voldemort said but before casting the spell he paused. "You know James, it's very useful to have a traitor, they tell you all sorts of useful thing. I never would have found you if it wasn't for Peter." James eye's grew wide

but Voldemort pointed his wand towards the sky and screamed. "Mentis excrucio!"

Black light left the point of his wand and spread out across the room, leaving no room to escape. It hit James as he stood tall, facing it with the dignity of a warrior. His body fell to the ground with a thump and he became silent.

Voldemort smirked, watching James' unconscious form writhe for a minute before turning on his heel and heading up the stairs.

Reaching the top of the stairs Voldemort smirked as he heard a child crying. Coming to the twin's room Voldemort flung open the door to reveal Lily bending over one of the cots in the room, putting both boys in the same cot. Both the boys were crying hysterically. As Lily heard the door fly open she spun around to face Voldemort.

Turning his wand on Lily, Voldemort cried out. "Step aside girl it isn't you I want."

"Not my boys, take me instead!" Lily pleaded, putting her body between Voldemort and the twins.

"As you wish," Voldemort hissed, almost sounding pleased his cold red eyes boring into Lily.

"Take me but spare my boys." Lily pleaded again.

"I could put your mind through torture your husband is going through but to kill you seems so much better. If your husband were to survive it will give me great pleasure in knowing I have killed all his family. With that being the case." Voldemort smirked. "Avada Kadavra!" As he performed the killing curse and Lily stood ready to face death, a blinding light erupted in the room and Lily fainted.

Young Harry, his hand outstretched stood up-right in his cot, his eyes were fixed on Lord Voldemort.

In his mind this man had tried to hurt his mummy and that could not be allowed. He had to stop this man, a fierce anger bubbled up inside

him and he felt words come to his lips. It was natural for him to say these words, even though he had never spoken anything beyond mama and dada these words felt right in his mouth.

“Be gone evil from this room may my light banish your darkness.” As Harry’s tiny babyish voice spoke the enchantment a light erupted in the room, engulfing Voldemort and the entire room in the bright white light.

As the light filled the room a prophecy made thousands of years was fulfilled. It foretold a child born with a knowledge that ran deep within his blood. A child whose purpose was to banish the darkness and his powers would come forth when his family was threatened. He was born with the power of the blazing sun. This child was to be born on the darkest of nights.

As Harry’s light ebbed Matt looked up from his position in the cot and grabbed Harry’s hand for comfort. Matt screamed in pain as power flowed from Harry’s body into his burning him. The raw power thundered through his body, leaving a slight burn on his hand where it had touched Harry’s. His body couldn’t contain the power and his forehead split open as the power rushed forward through his cut out into the air where it settled. Matt fell from the cot into his mother’s arms, his lightning shaped scar still glowing with the power of Harry’s magic.

Harry flopped, spent, onto the cot, his magic settling down to a dull ebb. His own scar from the fight stayed hidden under his PJs. Branded across his stomach was an eccentric scar in the shape of the sun.

Albus Dumbledore sat in his office, listening as two of his most troublesome students told him just how it wasn't their fault the Slytherins were blue. Half way through the tale of how the Slytherins must have done it themselves, an alarm went off. Dumbledore's head flew up, the alarm had been fitted a few weeks ago, its purpose was to alert him if there was any illegal magic cast in Godric's Hollow, the current residence of Lily and James Potter.

"I'm sorry to have to disturb this wonderful tale." Dumbledore said, interrupting the student halfway through a sentence. "But a very pressing matter has come up." Getting up quickly and walking briskly across the room, Dumbledore opened his door and gestured for the students to go ahead of him. "But rest assured," Dumbledore said as the party descended the winding stairs. "I will be very interested in hearing the rest." Dumbledore would have laughed at the look the students gave each other if there weren't more pressing matters on his mind.

The headmaster apparated to Godric's Hollow, he appeared two streets away from Lily and James' house, as it was impossible to apparate to their house. Dumbledore himself had seen to that. Taking up a brisk run Dumbledore felt his heart speed up as he looked at the destruction to the neighbourhood. Voldemort would not have been able to resist the temptation to kill all the muggles who called Godric's Hollow home. Dumbledore's heart gave an almighty tug when he reached Lily and James' house. The house was in complete ruin, the ceiling had collapsed on one side of the house and the entire front had been blown apart. Quickening his pace even more, Dumbledore hurried through the ruined fence and stepped into the house. The sight that met him was just as he expected, but had been hoping he wouldn't find. The living room had been blasted, parts of the ceiling had fallen in and the walls looked ready to collapse, the wall to the kitchen even had. Furniture was strewn across the room and under a part of the ceiling that had fallen, lay James' unmoving body.

Dumbledore strode across the room in two quick steps, his wand jumping into his hand. Brandishing his wand, the piece of plaster pinning James down flew across the room and lay to rest on a broken

armchair. Dumbledore fell to his knees at James figure and slow tears fell down his face.

“James” he whispered, his eyes clouded with tears. Without the plaster to restrain his movements James began to writhe again and Dumbledore’s face broke into shocked expression.

“Enavate!” Albus cried and James’ twitching immediately stopped. Slowly James’ eyes opened and he looked up into Albus’ bright blue eyes, brimming with tears.

“Albus,” James managed, his voice sounding hoarse, like he had been screaming. “Lily, the boys, I couldn’t.” James eyes filled with his tears and Albus felt tears trickle down his cheeks, he had been very close to the Potters.

“There’s still hope,” Albus said, his voice sounding unconvinced, even as he said it. “Voldemort left you alive, he might have.” Albus left the sentence hanging.

This did nothing to comfort James as he rolled over and tried to get to his feet, Albus putting an arm under him to help.

“He wanted the boys.” James said, leaning heavily on Albus. “He wanted them dead. There’s no way.”

Slowly James and Albus made their way towards the remains of the stairs, James leaning heavily on Albus. The stairs had collapsed and there appeared to be no way to climb them. Gesturing to outside Albus helped James out into the garden. Using his wand to levitate them both to the second floor Albus gently set James down on the roof where he lay crouched, looking defeated. Turning towards the roof Albus levitated a section away, leaving an opening. Lowering both James and himself down Albus was surprised to find that this part of the house was fairly intact. Putting an arm under James to support him the pair walked slowly towards the twin’s room.

As soon as James caught sight of the open door and Lily lying on the floor, Matt in her arms James threw himself forward, trying to reach his wife. Managing to reach her James took Matt in his arms and

sobbed, his tears rolling down his cheeks. Albus walked slowly into the room, his own tears marring his vision.

Suddenly a baby's cry broke him out of his state. "Albus!" James cried, throwing his head up to look at the elderly wizard.

Albus turned towards James' and saw to his amazement Matt's eyes open and brimming with tears, his tiny arms clinging to James.

"Matt, oh Matt" James sobbed, bringing his son close.

Albus eyes flew to the other child in the room and raced over to the cot bringing the other child into his arms and finding little Harry breathing. Crying out in happiness Albus brought the little boy close to his chest. The movement only caused Harry to snuggle closer.

"James!" Albus cried, turning around to face James. "He's alive. They're both alive."

James' face lit up in joy, then he whipped around to look at Lily. Moving his hand slowly to her neck his smile became, if possible, even wider.

"She's alive," he sobbed. "She's alive."

Handing Harry to James, Albus knelt down facing Lily. "Enavate."

Lily stirred, her eyes slowly opening. In seconds her emerald eyes met James' hazel ones. "James." She whispered and threw herself into his arms, embracing the twins and her husband.

"Shh," James whispered as Lily sobbed, his own tears running down his face, the twins held between them.

Dumbledore smiled, it was a truly beautiful sight. Looking around though dark thought occurred to him, something he had been wondering since he had found James alive.

"Why had Voldemort let them live, what had he come for and where was he now?"

Matt continued to cry and Lily took him into her arms, shhing him gently, then her eyes caught sight of his forehead.

"James, Albus." Lily said, her voice sounding frantic. Matt started crying and Lily gently rocked him, easing him back into sleep.

"What Lily?" James asked, his eyes full of concern.

"Matt has a scar," Lily whispered gesturing to the lightning bolt of Matt's forehead.

"Scar?" At this Albus dropped to his knees to take a closer look. Waving his wand over the scar, Dumbledore's face took on an incredulous look.

"James, Lily"

"What is it Albus?" Lily asked looking at her old headmaster.

"I know this isn't a good time but this is something you must know. You see there was a prophecy made about a boy who would defeat Voldemort." Dumbledore started.

Lily and James' eyes widened and looked down at Matt.

"You think it's Matt" James stated.

Albus looked sadly at the couple. "Yes James I think Matt is the child. It seems that he has banished him from here. Is that is the only logical reason I can think of that he would leave without getting what he wanted."

"He's dead then?" James asked.

Dumbledore looked sad. "I don't believe he is. I think Matt has only banished him, he has not killed him."

Lily let out a sob, and James looked shocked

“Does it have to be Matt” Lily started, holding a sleeping Matt close. “Is there no other way.” Her eyes were frantic.

Dumbledore dipped his head a little, “No, it must be Matt, I’m sorry Lily.”

Lily let out another sob, clutching her son to her. James looked just as shocked as his wife.

“There must be something we can we do Albus” he said.

“There is very little I’m afraid.” Albus said. “Of course Matt doesn’t have to fight him but I believe Voldemort will hunt him down.”

James looked down sadly. “Running isn’t an option then” He confirmed.

“We could do it.” Lily said. “We could hide him.”

“I know it’s hard Lily.” Dumbledore said, interrupting her. “Believe me I know, but Voldemort will find you, no matter where you run. He found you under the Fidelius charm, he can find you again.”

At the mention of the Fidelius charm James’ eyes turned cold. “Peter told.” He said, turning to Dumbledore. “Voldemort told me when we were duelling, said it was useful to have a traitor.”

Dumbledore’s eyes went wide “You changed to Peter?” He asked.

“Yeah, Sirius convinced us to. He said it would be better, that Voldemort would suspect him as secret keeper but he wouldn’t suspect Peter. None of us ever thought.”

“That is a very interesting piece of news.” Dumbledore said, looking thoughtful.

“Albus,” Lily said, making her presence known. “There must be something we can do, to protect Matt.”

“Ah yes,” Dumbledore said. “I believe he should be trained, as early as possible. As soon as he can walk and talk.”

“What about Harry?” Lilly asked.

“That is an interesting matter. Harry will need to be able to protect himself too, he will be attacked simply because he is related to Matt, though I do not know how things will be for him. Only time will tell. There is one other thing. I believe you should move to Potter manor. Since it is one of the few remaining castles built in the ancient times the protections are very old and Voldemort will have a hard time tracing you. As well as the fact that you can only reach it if you know where it is that is probably the safest place for you to be.”

James looked at Lily. “That seems like the only option we have. We can’t live here.”

Dumbledore nodded sadly. “I can take you back to Hogwarts with me for now. We can decide where to go from there.” James nodded.

A cool wind whipped across the field. A little boy raised his head and the wind whipped his raven black hair back off his face. The boy looked about five and his eyes were closed tight against the wind, a smile brightened up his face.

The boy was standing out on a huge field at the edge of a forest. Near him was a taller man, his hair was black like the little boy’s and he was facing towards forest watching another little boy with black hair climbing one of the trees.

“Daddy, Daddy!” The little boy on the ground sang out happily, staring up at the older man.

“Yes Harry,” James said, bending down.

“Will you play with me?”

“We can’t play right now Harry, it’s time to train now. We’ll play later.”

Harry sighed, “yes daddy.” This was what his daddy always said. It was always training and we’ll play later, but Harry had found out a long time ago, later never came.

He looked over at his Mummy, she was encouraging Matt to climb higher up the tree, just to reach the next branch. Harry sighed, he might as well get to climbing. Walking over to a tree near Matt Harry reached up to the first branch and hauled himself up, then he grabbed the next branch. While climbing may be difficult for Matt, Harry had always found it quite easy. He liked to go into the forest around the manor and climb but he never told his parents. Swinging himself into one of the top branches Harry looked down at his twin. Matt’s tree was considerably smaller and the branches were closer together yet Matt was just reaching to top now and Lily was cheering madly. Harry however had climbed his tree easily and no one had noticed he had even made it.

“Mum look at me!” Harry said, grinning from the top of his tree. Lily looked up at her youngest son and screamed.

“HARRY!” She yelled running over. “Don’t move okay, I’ll get you down.”

Harry sighed as the wind whipped his forehead and Lily took out her wand and levitated him down.

Grabbing him in a hug as soon as he reached the ground Lily looked sternly at him.

“You should know better then to climb a tree that big.” She said sternly. “What if you’d fallen? I’m not even sure how you managed to get up there.”

“Sorry Mum.” Harry said, looking down, though he had a feeling that if Matt had climbed the tree his mum would have just cheered him on rather than telling him he couldn’t handle it.

That afternoon Harry was sitting on the grass in the middle of the grounds, a feather in front of him, Matt was next to him with an identical feather in front of him. James stood in front of the boys, his wand out and another feather in front of him.

"Now boys," James started. "I want you to really concentrate today. I've been teaching you the theory of this charm for two weeks now and I think you're ready to try some magic."

Both boys' faces broke into identical grins and they looked at each other with mischief in their eyes.

James chuckled. "Alright, since you will be trying magic, professor Dumbledore has managed to arrange some wands. You can't get your own wands yet so but these are pretty versatile. Professor Dumbledore has charmed them so they will sense your magic and change to what you need."

Out of his pocket James pulled two identical wands, they both looked to be made of some white wood and he handed one each to the boys.

As soon as the wands were in the boys hands Matt's began to change.

Matt's wand changed into a dark brown wood and lengthened slightly while Harry's wand remained the same white wood it had started off as.

James seemed to consider Harry's wand for a second before deciding that must be it.

"Well then." James said. "Let's get started."

After being at it for an hour neither boys had made much progress, Matt's feather had twitched slightly near the end but that was all.

"That was good work today boys." James said as both boys continued to glare at their feathers as if they were some great offence.

"But Daddy," Matt started, "we didn't do anything."

James laughed, "you won't get it right away Matt, you need to be patient. I'm sure you'll get it in the next few weeks."

James was right about Matt getting the spell in the next few weeks. Within five days of hard practise Matt could make the feather float while Harry had still made no process. After four weeks Matt had moved on to the unlocking charm and Harry's feather still remained motionless.

Harry was walking slowly down to the quidditch pitch, dreading today's practise. As soon as he walked out onto the grounds the raven haired boy saw Matt sitting on the grass, levitating his feather. James wasn't there yet, which wasn't unusual, James had a tendency to over-sleep.

Harry flopped down next to Matt and took out his own feather, bringing out his wand as well.

"Wingardium Leviosa." Harry said clearly, but the feather remained motionless. Harry just sighed, he hadn't really expected it to work this time either.

"Good morning boys." A cheerful voice called across the grounds, looking up Harry and Matt saw the form of Professor Dumbledore striding across the grounds towards them.

"Morning Professor." The boys chorused as Dumbledore drew closer.

"What are you boys up to?" He asked, stopping in front of them.

"Levitation." Matt replied, gesturing to his feather.

"Well then," Dumbledore said, sounding pleased. "Let's see it then."

Matt grinned. "Windgardium Leviosa." His feather jumped up on his command and hovered.

Dumbledore clapped, "very well done. And what about you Harry?"

Harry sighed but nevertheless picked up his wand and waved it over his feather. "Wingardium Leviosa." The feather remained stationary and Harry just sighed again.

Dumbledore looked concerned. "Harry, may I see your wand?" He asked.

"Of course Professor," Harry said, handing over his white wand.

Looking closely at it Dumbledore looked over at Matt.

"Matt would you hold this for me, for a second."

"Sure professor," Matt replied, taking the wand. As soon as Matt touched it the wand changed shape to an identical to the wand he held in his other hand.

"Thank you Matt." Dumbledore said, taking the wand back and leaving Matt very confused.

"Here you are Harry." Dumbledore said, handing the wand back to Harry.

"Thanks Professor," Harry said as the wand changed back to the white he was used to. "Um Professor, sorry to be annoying but may I ask, why doesn't the wand change for you?"

Dumbledore smiled. "That wand is one of my better inventions. You see I knew you would be needing wands soon but weren't old enough to get your own so I invented these. Only a person who doesn't have a registered wand can use it. Other wise it will simply remain a piece of wood. Are you boys going to keep practising?"

"Yes professor." Both boys replied.

"Good, good," Dumbledore said. "Well I must be off, I have to talk to your parents. If you two would excuse me?"

As Dumbledore walked away Harry looked curiously at Matt. "What do you think he needs to talk to Mummy and Daddy about?"

"Don't know," Matt shrugged. "But I want to. Come on lets go find out." He said and both he and Harry started towards the manor.

The boys crept quietly into the entrance hall, careful to shut the door without making any noise. Looking around the boys kept towards the dining room where they could hear soft voices. Standing a bit away from the door frame so they could get away the boys listened to what the adults were discussing.

"Are you sure Albus?" Lily asked.

"Positive," Albus replied. "Harry has no magic at all." Harry's ears perked up at this and he lent a bit closer, trying to catch everything.

"But how do you know?" James asked. "I mean I know he hasn't been able to manage any magic yet, but it's still early."

Dumbledore sighed. "I wish I could tell you what you want to hear but if I did I would be lying to you. Harry has no magic, the wand told me that much."

"What do you mean?" James asked.

"The wand would respond to the wielders magic and it would change form accordingly to suit the wielder. When Harry holds the wand it doesn't change form."

"It could be faulty," Lily protested, looking for any possibility.

Dumbledore sighed, "I'm very sorry Lily but I've already tested that. When Matt held the wand it changed to suit him."

James let out a very defeated sigh. "How are we going to tell him?" He asked.

"You won't need to." Dumbledore said calmly.

"What do you mean?" Lily asked, sounding startled.

"Both he and Matt have heard the whole thing." Dumbledore said.

Harry and Matt were on their feet in seconds but James froze them before they could move more than a few steps.

"You two have some explaining to do." James said sternly.

Both Harry and Matt looked scared, wondering what their father had in mind.

"Boys," Dumbledore said, appearing next to James. "Since you are here, please come in. As you know, this concerns you too."

James waved his wand and the boys were given the ability to move again, both looked hesitantly at each other before walking into the room.

"Please take a seat" Dumbledore said, gesturing to the chairs around the table. The boys sat next to each other and Dumbledore, James and Lily sat opposite.

"As you overheard," Dumbledore started. "Harry in fact has no magic."

Harry felt his heart drop. All his life he had dreamed about doing magic like his parents.

"That does not mean that he will be isolated from our world however." Dumbledore said and Harry perked up slightly, looking up at the great wizard.

"Not all wizarding arts require a wand, as I'm sure you know." Dumbledore said. "Who knows Harry you may become a potions master." At this James wrinkled his nose but Harry didn't see. He was too busy concentrating on what Dumbledore had to say, he may still be able to do some magic. "I also believe it will prove beneficial if you learn to defend yourself like a muggle does. You never know when

that could be useful. I also believe some survival skills could help you; knowing how to cook, clean, build a shelter, and track animals are all very useful skills and skills you can accomplish without magic.

Harry felt his heart sink slightly, nothing Dumbledore said sounded very exciting not like what Matt could do.

Dumbledore kept listing things. "You would also learn animal behaviours of both magical and non magical creatures and learn to treat wounds by muggle means. As well as normal training you would focus on non magical skills like herbology, potions, history and care of magical creatures."

Harry felt his heart sink even further as he realised one very important detail. "I wouldn't be able to go to Hogwarts would I?" He asked.

Dumbledore's face became equally as glum and he shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry Harry but all the students must have some magic, even if only a small amount."

Harry felt all the breath go out of him and an awkward silence fell over the room as the occupants took in everything that had been said.

Dumbledore stood up, his shoulders slightly slumped. "I'd better be going then, I'll see myself out." As soon as he had left the room Lily turned to Harry.

"This doesn't mean we'll love you any less Harry." She assured him rushing over to embrace him.

Harry just nodded his head, trying to keep in the tears that threatened to overwhelm him.

"When do I start?" Harry asked, trying to get his mind off everything that had just happened but not succeeding.

"I think Dumbledore said Hagrid would be coming over about midday." Lily said, looking at James for confirmation.

“Yes,” James said distantly. “He said he’ll meet you by the forest.”

“I’d better go and meet him then.” Harry said sadly. Lily realised him from her hug after one last squeeze and Harry walked sadly out of the room, his head hung in defeat.

Harry was sitting on a rock just outside the forest surrounding Potter manor. His face was turned down and his hands were rested in lap.

“Hey Harry,” A jovial voice boomed down.

Looking up quickly Harry’s emerald eyes met beetle black ones. A giant of a man was staring down at him, his eyes crinkled in a smile.

“Hey Hagrid!” Harry said, forcing his voice into something resembling happiness, he didn’t want Hagrid to know he was upset.

He didn’t success though, “I know ya betta then ‘hat Harry.” Hagrid said. “I know ya upset, ‘bout all this.”

Harry’s shoulders slumped and the smile dropped off his face. “Why?” He asked. “Why couldn’t I just have a bit? Matt’s so lucky.”

“I know how ya feel Harry, it was same da me when they snapped ma wand. No more magic, thought I’d ‘ave to leave the magical world see. But Dumbledore ‘elped me, gave me a chance. ‘e gave you a chance too. You’re not isolated, you can still do magic. Why, potions can create some of the most amazing magic there is. Matt don’t get learn those yet and Matt has to spend all ‘is time doin’ magic. You can go into da forest, relax, meet da animals.”

Harry smiled slightly but he still looked down trodden, Hagrid sighed.

“Well come on then.” He said. “Let’s go find something.”

For weeks Harry and Hagrid went into the forest every day. After the first week Harry began to get over the fact that he was a squib and he started to enjoy his time in the forest. The pair spent hours looking at the creatures and their habits.

“Alright Harry,” Hagrid said softly as the pair watched a diricrawl scratching in a clearing. “This creature startles very easily and is very hard to get close to. We’re lucky to have gotten this close. While not the most interesting creature, the diricrawl does have the unique ability to disappear in one place and reappear in another. ‘hat’s one of da reasons it’s so hard to get close ta. We’re going to try and get a

bit close, we have to look non threatening so don't look it in da eye, just walk calmly forward and make a little noise, not enough to scare it but enough for it to know we're not hunting it."

Harry nodded his head in acknowledgement, his eyes travelling back to the small bird in the clearing. He and Hagrid had been searching for over an hour, trying to find this creature.

"Alright go." Hagrid said.

Stepping out from behind the tree Harry began to walk slowly forward, his steps slow and unthreatening.

"It's okay, don't run." Harry said, creeping towards the bird, Hagrid a few steps behind him. "I'm not going to hurt you."

The bird cocked its head to one side then let out a squawk, looking curious as to what Harry was doing.

"There we go," Harry said, kneeling down near the creature. "Good boy." He reached forward and put his hand lightly on the creature's head and began to stroke it as the bird squawked, sounding pleased.

Hagrid stood a few feet away, amazement flickering through his eyes. It had never been heard of, for a human to walk up to a diricrawl and start petting it like a tame bird. The diricrawl was known for its nervous nature. Hagrid had been sure the bird would flea as soon as it saw Harry and himself but here Harry was, stroking the creature as if it were an everyday activity, though Hagrid felt he shouldn't be surprised. Harry seemed to have a knack with animals of all kinds. The more time Harry spent in the forest the more animals seemed to flock to him, it went as far as a few days ago a young kneazle had bounded up to him and licked his hand, then had continued to travel with them for another fifteen minutes before bouncing off, back into the forest.

"Looks like ya have yar own magic." Hagrid said, coming to sit next to the black haired boy.

Harry looked puzzled at Hagrid's statement. "What do you mean?"

"What ya doing there." Hagrid said, gesturing to the diricrawl, who had stretched its neck out to let Harry scratch it.

"That's not magic." Harry stated firmly.

"Isn't it?" Hagrid said. "Looks like magic to me."

Harry just sighed. "Anyone could do this."

"Not just anyone." Hagrid said. "I couldn't 'ave, not many people could. What you've done there is somethin' to be proud a. I'm sure proud ta have ya as ma student."

Harry looked pleased that Hagrid was proud of him. "Thanks Hagrid." Harry said honestly.

"Ah," said Hagrid, sounding embarrassed. "Twas nothing, I expect just as greater things from ya as ya brother."

Harry looked very pleased at this statement and his face broke into a wide smile. "Really?" He asked.

"Really." Hagrid assured him, his eyes crinkled in a smile.

"Then I promise, I won't let you down." Harry said firmly.

"I didn't think ya would." Hagrid replied.

Within six months Harry went through a growth spurt, he was still short for a six year old but nevertheless he had grown. When the twins had been younger people had thought they would be identical but as they grew older this was theory proved wrong. Matt was the taller of the twins, only by a centimetre, but a centimetre makes all the difference when your six. His hair was jet black like his father's and his eyes were the same hazel colour as his father's, Matt also had a little more weight then Harry. Harry however had a thin build,

even for a child. His hair was the same colour as his twin's but he had their mother's eyes. The emerald green eyes, Lily was famous for.

Currently Harry was lying, asleep, in his bed, but that would not last long. As the clock on his bedside table ticked closer to 5 'o' clock, Harry's internal alarm clock ticked closer to wakefulness.

Harry's eyes snapped open moments later; a smile already on his face, today was his sixth birthday. Four and a half years ago, the Potters had moved into the manor, one day after Lord Voldemort had attacked their home. Harry couldn't remember his first birthday at Potter manor, or the one after, he really hadn't understood the concept of presents being given on that day. But what Harry remembered as clear as yesterday was his fifth birthday.

Flash back

Harry eyes snapped open much earlier than usual, a grin on his face before he had even scrambled out of his bed. Racing into the next room Harry jumped on the lump in the bed.

"Matt!" He cried, shaking the lump that was revealed to be his brother.

"Mmmm" Matt moaned, unlike his brother he was obviously not a morning person.

"Come on!" Harry said. "I can't open presents without you."

At the word presents Matt's head instantly popped out of the covers and his mouth formed an o in realisation. A scurry of movement followed Harry's statement, which involved Matt wrestling with the covers, trying to escape the cocoon he was in and falling spectacularly over the edge for his efforts. Still trapped in the covers, but unhurt because of the cushioning charm Lily had put on the floor, Matt struggled to get free. Wiggling his way free the two boys bolted out of the room, down the stairs and straight into the living room. As soon as the boys entered the room both mouths dropped. A huge pile of presents was stacked on one wall, it looked like thousands to Harry and Matt. Their face broke into a wide grin as both boys raced forward to find their presents in the huge pile.

Harry raced over to the first present, looking at the card he saw Matt's name, figuring the next one would be his, Harry moved on. After checking at least half the pile and finding only Matt's name on all the cards Harry figured his parents had hidden his presents somewhere else. While Matt ripped into his presents Harry trotted out of the room to find his own. After searching all the rooms he was allowed in and finding no presents Harry walked slowly back to the living room, wondering if he might have missed his presents because the pile was so big. Walking into the room he saw Matt rip the paper off the last present, an oddly shaped gift, to reveal a toy broomstick. Whooping in joy Matt quickly slung his leg over it and hovered in the air before racing around the room. James was laughing while Lily scolded Matt for flying in the house, though her heart wasn't in it. Looking sadly on at the scene from the doorway, Harry felt a tear trickle slowly down his cheek. His parents had forgotten him. The green eyed boy fled the scene, unable to look at his families' smiling faces or the huge pile of wrapping paper and un-wrapped presents in the corner. He ran all the way up to his room and shut the door, throwing himself onto the bed and bursting into tears.

About an hour later Lily came up to her younger son's room, not having seen him all day. Seeing her son lying on his bed, Lily hurried into the room.

"Harry." Lily said, sitting down next to her son. "What's wrong honey, are you sick.?" She asked, putting her hand to his forehead, looking for a fever.

"I'm not sick."

"Then why are you up here?" Lily asked, puzzled by her normally energetic son's behaviour. "Why aren't you playing with your presents?"

Harry's eyes filled with tears at her statement and his answer came in-between sobs. "I, I, didn't get, get any."

Lily's eyes went wide and her mouth dropped slightly, she looked quickly around the room, just to check if Harry was joking, but there was no lie hidden in those emerald eyes, clouded with tears.

"Didn't you find them?" She asked, sounding playful but the truth ate at her.

Harry looked up, "What, what do you me, mean." He sobbed.

"Oh you silly goose" Lilly said, rubbing Harry's hair before trying in vain to smooth it down. "You know how your father is, he's hidden them."

Harry's eyes turned back down. "But I've looked everywhere."

"Are you sure?" Lily asked.

Harry nodded solemnly.

"Well I saw him hide them." Lily said. "Have you checked the garden?"

Harry's face lit up and he shook his head, bouncing off the bed he vanished around the door.

Tears filled Lily's own eyes as she watched Harry skip off happily. How could she have forgotten to buy Harry any presents? It was his birthday too, on that day she vowed not to forget her younger son ever again. Looking down at the floor Lily hurried out of the room and down to the fireplace in the dining room. She had to visit Diagon Alley.

Harry hadn't gotten any where near as many presents as Matt, but Harry didn't care, his parents hadn't forgotten him, that was all that mattered.

End Flashback

Harry had figured the reason he didn't get as many presents as Matt was because his parents weren't as proud of him as they were of

Matt. His Dad was always telling people how well Matt was doing, even if Harry could do the same thing.

It was because of that birthday that Harry's determination to do his best blossomed. His Mum and Dad always gave him gifts on his birthday after that, but they never hid them again. His pile of presents however was always significantly less than Matt's. Yet his parents never let Matt think himself better than Harry, just more powerful. Matt grew up knowing his brother couldn't do special things like he could, but his brother was still important.

It was because of that day that Harry was now an over energetic six year old who, true to his promise to Hagrid, had done nothing but move forward in leaps and bounds. Harry had learned to read very early, his reading level was that of a grade 4 muggle student, even though he was only in grade 2. Most of the creatures in the forest seemed very fond of the young child, even the more dangerous ones that Hagrid introduced him too seemed to like the young child. He could name all the ingredients needed in several first year potions and make them by heart. Along with this, Harry had started martial arts classes in a local muggle town and his teacher told his parents he was a very good student, to which Harry beamed. He also knew what it was like to be ignored to feel unimportant.

When Matt got a spell right his father told everyone who would listen that Matt was very strong for his age. Harry however was believed a squib by the magical community, if they even knew the boy who lived had a twin. Pushed aside when the public saw Matt, Harry grew up on the side. Not that he minded, Harry was just not held down by anything and his fierce determination to impress his Dad and be just like him kept Harry happy. He lived for the moments when his dad would smile at him or ask for his help with a prank.

The green eyed boy had also developed a love of reading. He read anything he could get his hands on. From spell books Matt or his parents left lying around, to books on herbology and potions. His knowledge of potions, herbology and spells rivalled that of a first year Hogwarts student's.

A little after lunch time Harry was wondering through the forest surrounding the manor, thinking about his birthday so far. He had gotten a few things he had wanted, but nothing had been really special. Gazing around him at the trees, the black haired boy felt someone's eyes on him. Flipping around quickly Harry scanned the tree line, nothing. Turning back around, Harry began to walk again, the feeling of being watched never leaving.

"Hello young one." Harry spun around so quickly he almost lost his balance. The sight that met his eyes was enough to really make him fall over.

Every child in the world would recognise this creature, wizard or muggle. The magnificent beast had four long legs, adorned with hooves, its head held proud on its elegant neck. It had a pearly white coat that glistened in the dappled sunlight, but its most recognisable feature was the great spiral horn that emerged from its forehead; a unicorn.

"So you are the great one. I have waited many years to meet you." The unicorn's voice was low and soothing. It was all Harry could do was gape, until he heard the words 'great one.' The green eyed boy sighed, his shoulders drooping.

"You thought I was Matt." He remarked.

The unicorn cocked his head to the side, looking puzzled. "Matt?" He asked.

"My twin," Harry said. "He defeated Lord Voldemort when he was only one year old; he's who you're looking for. I'll go get him." Harry started to turn around, to head back to the manor.

The unicorn cocked his head to the other side, before snorting. "I'm not looking for anyone who defeated this Lord you speak of. I am looking for you."

Harry just shook his head. "Not meaning any disrespect." He said. "But there's nothing special about me. I can't even do magic, I'm a squib."

“A what?”

“A squib: a child born with magical parents but with no magic of their own.” Harry said, as if he had read the description many times from a book.

The great beast snorted and pawed the ground, showing his amusement as only a horse can. “No magic, you, ha! Oh Merlin if you could have met this kid. Oh no child, you have magic, you have plenty. Why do you think the animals come to you?”

“Dumbledore’s wand didn’t change for me. I haven’t got any magic.” Harry said stubbornly.

“Lift up your shirt.” The unicorn commanded, sounding impatient.

“Huh?” Harry looked puzzled at the sudden turn in conversation.

“Lift it up.”

Harry slowly lifted his shirt to reveal a scar that twined across his stomach. The scar resembled the sun. It had a three pronged flame in the centre then smaller flames spiralling out. He couldn’t remember a time when he didn’t have the strange pattern; he’d just assumed it was a birth mark. He had never bothered to show his parents and they never brought it up.

The unicorn lowered his head to the scar and when it touched the skin a brilliant light erupted in the clearing. Harry felt his body involuntarily stiffen as sensations flooded his senses. Birds were singing a few miles away, a crow had caught its prey, a colony of flobberworms were moving slowly north. Snapping back to himself, Harry felt warmth spread through his body. His skin came to life as the feeling surged through his body. The last thing the green eyed boy saw before his world went black was the unicorn standing over him, its head lowered, as if bowing.

“Now young one,” the unicorn said to Harry unconscious form. “I have unbound your magic, because before this your body wasn’t ready for

all the power you were born with we had to bind you but now that your body is strong enough to deal with the power. I was sent to unbind it, from now on you will bloom and grow. You will grow so strong that you can harness the endless power of the sun. You great young one are the child of the great dragons of old who saw a great darkness approaching within two thousand years so they chose to give a mortal the power of the dragons, the power to hold the sun in his hands. You are far greater then any mortal who has ever lived, you have descended from dragons, child of the sun."

'Arrrrrr Huh? Where ow why do I feel like a hippogriff just sat on my head' Harry moaned

'Harry' a squeaky young voice piped up next to his head 'How are you feeling?' A kneazle sat next to his head. The large cat like creature started at Harry expectantly.

'Umm really tired. Why can you talk to me and what's your name?' Harry asked

'My names ginger follow me I'll take you back to the people. They'll help you.' Ginger the kneazle replied. Prancing away into the forest.

'Coming' Harry scrabbled to his feet tripping and stumbling until he got his bearings Harry caught up to Ginger.

'Ginger' Harry asked 'why did that unicorn come to see me and why is everything all clear now and easy to see why can I hear so much and why can I talk to you and why do I feel different like warm and why did he call me great one I'm not great. Is this a dream?'

'You ask lots of questions for one so powerful and I don't have the answers for them all but I can tell you what I know. From what I've been told your magic was bound until you were ready to handle it'

'What do you mean bound' Harry interrupted.

'Don't interrupt' scolded the kneazle. 'When I say bound I mean its something like a wall being built between you and your powers so you couldn't get to them but when they demolished the wall your powers flooded into your body and that's why you fainted. The unicorn unbound your powers and now you are the most powerful person I know, properly in the whole world. And that's all I know.'

'So this isn't a dream it's real?'asked Harry unsure.

'Yes, haven't I said this already it's all real, you, the unicorn and your powers' the kneazle meowed annoyed at Harry.

'Yahoo!' screamed Harry jumping into the air, 'I'm not a squib Dad will be proud of me, I can do magic!' Harry started to run home eager to tell his Dad about his magic

'Wait child.' The kneazle shouted out.

'Yeah' Harry called skidding to a halt.

'Child' the kneazle panted, 'You can't just tell your father a unicorn came and saw you and called you great one and released your hidden powers.'

'Why not?' Asked Harry.

'Would he believe you?' The kneazle asked

'Umm' Harry thought 'No. So what should I do'

'You should find out how to use your magic, some of the creatures in the forest can show you to use some, then show your father. See your magic doesn't work like the other people you can do wandless magic and just your will can make things happen if its strong enough. Your magic is like ours, we don't rely on wands our magic is in every pore of our bodies we can use it at will. And depending what kind of magic you want to learn depends what creature you should go to see. The centaurs can teach you astrology, phoenixes can teach you to control fire, dragons can teach you how to breath fire, mermaids can teach you to swim and control the water, Hippogriff can teach you to fly and control the winds and you have special talents that you must explore on your own find how to access your magic at will, control your senses. You said you could see better find out if you can make it even better zoom in on things. Explore your powers then if you still think if its worth it then tell your Dad.'

'Ok.' Harry agreed 'but I'm still gonna tell him I can do magic, see ya Ginger, I'll be back.' With that Harry raced off through the forest, to the manor to home.

'Dad, Dad!' Harry came racing into his fathers study at one hundred miles an hour.

'Wo Harry where the fire.' James joked

'Dad, Dad. I've got magic I can do magic I did it!' Harry was screaming at the top of his lungs yelling at his father.

'Harry you're a squib you can't do magic.' James told Harry slowly.

'No No I can watch.' Harry was too excited to be calmed.

'Can I use your wand,' Harry was too excited for James to say no so he handed Harry his wand

But as soon as the wood touched Harry's hand a burning went through him 'ahh' he cried out in pain dropping the wand.

'Harry.' James scolded 'What are you doing, don't drop my wand its important can't you understand.'

'I'm sorry Dad.' Harry murmured.

'Harry, I know you want to be able to do magic like your brother but we love you just as much even though you're a squib. You don't have to pretend to have magic to get attention.' James lectured in full parent mode.

'Yeah Dad, sorry.' Harry had heard this speech all his life why would this time he said it be any different. I'll go study herbs in the library, bye Dad sorry.'

'Good work, son' James said ruffling his son's black hair I'm proud of you.'

Harry felt as though the sun had just come out his dad was proud of him wow he'd never said that before. Wow he was going to work twice as hard now he wanted his father to say it again he wanted to feel like this again like he was walking on air it was amazing. He would do what Ginger said he would learn to control his magic then his dad would say it again for sure. And Harry ran off to study.

'Reach out for your magic, feel it within you look for the pulse when you find it pull it in line with your own pulse.' A centaur stood over a black haired youth watching as he screwed his face up with effort and tried to reach his magic to do a spell wizards gave to 3 year olds. Levitation. 'Relax' the centaur instructed as the moon light hit the young boys features through the tree tops he was small for a five year old with tanned skin from being in the sun all his life and his constantly messy black hair hung like a mop around his face. After weeks of trying to reach his magic Harry was making no progress. He just couldn't seem to find the magic inside himself and him being half asleep from having classes all day didn't help the learning process. Just as the centaur was about to tell him to stop and go home he felt a shift in the magic current. Like the wind changing direction, he scanned the forest floor for his young charge only to find him hovering three feet in the air suspended by magic, grinning like a mad man. Then just as quickly as it all had started his eyes rolled up into he's head and he drop unconscious.

'Ah young Harry' the centaur said scooping up the boy and placing his sleeping form on he's back 'You have connected with the magic now you and it beat as one heart within your body, now all forms of creatures will seek you out to teach you about the magic they perform. You are the most powerful wizard to every be born and the night of your birth Mars the planet of war was the brightest it has every been in all my time, you were born under the plant of War at it's highest you were born under the darkest of all nights young Harry. Sleep well great one for though you are but a foal now learning to walk one day you will gallop with the herd out in front.

'Ah' Harry opened his eyes only to have them assaulted by light coming in from his window. 'Mph' he groaned shutting his eyes tightly. Harry had recently turned eleven and was by wizards stands now aloud to attend Hogwarts, a highly esteemed school in the wizarding world. The only problem was everyone thought Harry a squib with no magic and his twin Matt was thought to be the boy who lived. Even now Harry still thought highly of his twin for bringing down Voldemort. Today however was a very important day, the day when the Hogwarts letters arrived and everyone knew the boy who lived would be going but no one would expect his brother, the squib to get a letter how wrong they all were.

Arriving at the dinning room Harry grabbed some bacon and started to eat waiting for his family to come down so he could open his Hogwarts letter.

At 8:30 his parents and brother came down for breakfast. His brother Matt had changed a lot from the cute baby he used to be. He had black messy hair like his father he was taller than average but slightly over weight because of his love of all things sweet. He had his father's hazel eyes and was tanned from the time he had spent in the sun. Harry however was small for his age and very thin, he had his father's black messy hair but his mother's emerald green eyes. Matt had grown up in the spotlight and he loved every moment of it, Harry however had been pushed to the side some didn't even know the boy who lived was a twin. Harry however was the most powerful wizard to have been born, his power was equal if not more then Merlin himself, Harry didn't need a wand to control magic it spoke to him, it was part of him. However because Harry had such powerful magic controlling it took effort a lot of effort. If he didn't have a perfect balance of body strength to channel the magic and mind will to use it the magic nothing would happen. Harry's body was like a live wire to much power too soon could fry him and leave him unconscious, so he only did little things like levitation and slight transfiguration and depending how big the magic was, even these small spells tired him out. Harry gave up on eating and just sat waited in the dinner room eager to receive his Hogwarts letter.

At just that moment two owls swooped through the windows dropping the letters on each of the boys plates they flew out again leaving in there wake two startled parents and two excited boys ripping into there letters.

'Dad! I made it.' shouted Matt

'So did I Dad, look, I'm going to Hogwarts!' Harry shouted out.

'What?' Matt turned to Harry confused only just seeing the letter, but you're a squib how can you go to Hogwarts.

'Guess I'm not a squib, so when are we going to Diagon Alley' Harry said

'Um' James stuttered still processing the fact that his other son wasn't indeed a squib like they had thought 'today at 10 be ready to leave.'

'Yes Dad' both twins chorused, racing off to get ready.

'Harry's a wizard' Lilly said collapsing in a chair bewildered.

'He is' James said 'who would have thought.'

'I thought he didn't get any magic because Matt's so powerful he got it all.' Lilly still a bit bewildered muttered as she buttered some toast.

'Mph I mow Mph mot you mean.' James mumbled, his mouth full 'I did too.'

'Oh well, why are we sitting here moping around, both our sons are wizards we should be happy, I'll have to fire call Sirius and Remus and tell him the good news, they'll be really excited you know how disappointed they were Harry couldn't become an animagus like you.' Lilly said happily now.

'Your right' James agreed 'I'll go do that.' getting up, James went to call his mates while Lilly sighed the house was going to be a mess when they got back.

'Now boys' James called over the crowd 'stick with us and don't go off on your own. Matt the media will want shots of you out shopping so try not to get caught up ok first stop in Madam Malkins robes for all occasions. Off we go'

After buying robes, books, potion supplies, a broomstick for Matt, some ice-cream, stopping for numerous pictures for tomorrow's issue of the Daily Prophet. The Potters arrived at the apothecary, inside the store the smell was awful but to Harry it smelt like the forest beautiful. When Matt went over to get an owl Harry didn't feel drawn to any of the animals they hooted at him and looked nice but he could feel something else was for him.

'Dad' Harry asked 'Can I go look around the Alley I'll meet you to buy a wand I just can't take the smell?' It was a lie but never the less James bought it and soon enough Harry was running through Diagon Alley following his instincts not even looking where he was going Harry skidded down a side route and into Knockturn Alley. Harry only realized where he was when he stood outside an old shop. Well here goes nothing he thought as he pushed the door open only to be assaulted by the smell to death and decay and to hear a bell ding overhead. Harry gulped dad was right he thought creeping slowly along the rows this place gives me the creeps.

'Can I help you?' A scratchy voice asked out of the darkness.

'Ahh' Harry spun around so fast he almost fell over and only years of tripping over vines in the forest allowed him to steady himself and look the man who had spoken in his face but seconds later he wished he hadn't. The man had no eyes and his face was scarred all over.

'Um' Harry stuttered

'Spit it out boy' The shop keeper hissed.

'Y-yes um no no you can't help me I'm just looking.' Harry's hoped he didn't sound as frightened as he felt but he thought he must.

'Hhhmm,' the shopkeeper said 'very well then' and stumbled away.

'Few' Harry breathed out then the feeling that something of his was here returned and he started to look through the shop. It was after tripping over three times that Harry found it. As he fell flat on his face for the fourth time Harry put he's hands out to stop himself hitting his face and felt his hands touch something round and cold. As soon as he touched it a blinding light erupted in the dark shop. Harry closed his eyes against the light but it pierced his eyelids making it impossible to escape the light. Warmth filled him and Harry felt magic dancing on his finger tips then a warmth burned on his arm and it all ended.

'Wow,' Harry shook his head trying to get rid of all the spots in his eyes. 'What was that', but there was no answer, not like he expected one.

'What did you do' The shopkeeper was back and yelling brandishing his wand at Harry 'Get Out! OUT!' He shrieked. Dodging a blasting hex Harry made it to the door of the shop and scrambled into the dingy street. Fleeing along the street Harry made it back to Olivanders just as his family arrived, Lilly carrying Matt's new owl. A tawny owl named hopper.

'So Harry, what did you get up to son?' James asked as they entered Olivanders

'Not much dad' Harry replied just checking out the alley.'

'Good' James replied just as Mr Olivanders appeared beside him.

'Ahh Matt and Harry Potter, I was wondering when I'd see you in here.' Mr Olivanders spoke cheerfully, 'come and we'll get you measured up, the wand chooses the wizard. Just stand there young man and there and I'll be right back.'

'Crazy one isn't he,' Matt said as the tape measure took down the length of his arm.

'Too right son' James said 'but he makes good wands.'

'That will do' came Mr Olivanders disembodied voice from the back room and Harry wasn't sure who Mr Olivanders was talking to the tape measures or his brother and Dad. Never the less all three stopped what they were doing and stood still just as Mr Olivanders arrived back.

'Try this one 13 inches mahogany with a dragon heart string good for hexes and quite powerful.'

Matt waved the wand it emitted orange sparks 'oh well done.' Lilly cheered and Matt bowed playing up to the attention.

‘And now for you Mr Potter’ Mr Olivanders turned to Harry ‘12 inches willow with a unicorn’s tail hair.’ He said giving the wand to Harry. When skin met wand there was a huge bang and the spindly chair was smashed to pieces.

‘Merlin no.’ Mr Olivanders exclaimed snatching the wand from Harry’s hand. ‘Try this’

After 14 Yew with phoenix tail feather hair, 15 Holly with dragon heart string, 14 Yew with a unicorn tail hair, 10 willow with dragon heart string and almost all the wands in the store Mr Olivanders was getting very excited ‘Your no ordinary customer, I may even have to hand craft you a wand, I have just one left, 11 inches Holly with a phoenix tail feather, try this’

Every wand Harry had held blew something up and the shop was looking like a bomb hit but when Harry grasped this wand nothing blew up, there was no monestrous noise but sparks didn’t fly out like Matt’s did it just sat there in his hand. Mr Olivanders who had ducked for cover stood up smiling at Harry.

‘It seems Mr and Mrs Potter’ Mr Olivanders started ‘that your son’s wand requires a different core to most. If you wouldn’t mind I would like to take your son into the back room and ask him to pick out the own core for his wand, it also seems that the core in this wand is also to be part of the wand. So if you don’t mind?’

‘Not at all’ Lilly replied go ahead

Mr Olivanders steered Harry into the back room, ‘Now son’ he said ‘I want you to close your eyes and look for the parts of your wand with your mind. Hold this wand if it helps but try to find them in your mind. Ok lad’

‘Yes sir’ Harry replied closing his eyes and letting his magic guide him. First Harry stood over the woods and slowly moving his hand over each one until he found one that seemed to call to him picking it up Harry gave it to Mr Olivanders, Yew. Then Mr Olivanders took Harry over to some of the cores again Harry repeated the process but this time he felt more than one core calling to him picking them up Harry

handed Mr Olivanders a Chimaera scale, a unicorn tail hair and along with the phoenix tail feather Harry now had three cores. Turning around he came face to face with a very stunned Mr Olivanders who only whispered.

'To stabilize all these cores that have chosen you lad I will need you to give me some blood, can you do that?'

'Sure' Harry replied taking the dagger Mr Olivanders took from the bench next to him and putting three drops of blood into a jar.

'Thanks lad. It will be a real treat crafting this wand for one so powerful. It will be ready within the hour.' Mr Olivanders told Harry in awe.

'Ok' Harry agreed turning around and heading back into the main part of the shop Mr Olivanders following behind almost skipping from excitement.

After paying for Matt's wand than coming back for Harry's an hour later the Potter's left Diagon Alley, laden with shopping and wondering what on earth went on in Olivanders.

'Matt, Harry!' Sirius called through the house 'Come see your uncles!'

'Uncle Remus, Uncle Sirius !' Harry shouted out racing down the stairs to his godfather Remus crashing straight into him Matt not far behind crashed in Sirius and sent them both down the stairs in a bunch of arms and legs.

'Harry, I heard the good news, congratulations on getting accepted at Hogwarts you'll have so much fun.' Remus exclaimed embracing Harry.

'Yeah, Harry' Sirius shouted from the bottom of the stairs 'We'll teach you all the passage ways out of the school and make sure to prank snivelus. Oh we are going to show you how to have some real fun. You guys will be real heart throbs, if you don't have at least three girls by the end of this year then I'm going to disown you.'

'Sirius' Lilly had overheard the last part and while she scolded Sirius about how he should know better than that and Sirius cowered in a corner under Lilly's rage. Remus turned to Harry.

'So Harry, have you tired any magic?' Remus asked

'Not since I was five.' Harry replied

'Uncle Remus' Matt interrupted 'I can do loads of magic mum and dad say I'll be as powerful as Dumbledore one day if I keep learning.'

'Wow Matt.' Remus said sounding impressed you'll have to show me. 'How about if we go to the dinning room and see what you can do what do you think?' Remus asked

'Yer' Sirius called coming up next to Matt having escaped Lilly 'what about a duel, your godson verse mine.'

'Yer that's a great idea Uncle Sirius.' Matt exclaimed 'I'll beat you good Harry.'

'I don't know' Remus said 'Matt's been learning magic for a lot longer than Harry, we all thought Harry didn't have any magic.'

'Your just afraid to lose' Matt said

'Yer' Sirius agreed

'I can do it Uncle Remus, I'll win for you' Harry said and he thought to teach Matt that I'm not someone to mess with.

'Alright' Remus agreed still unsure on the idea but he allowed himself to be led away by Sirius towards the dinning hall wondering how Harry would fair against Matt.

'Take your positions' Sirius' voice boomed out through the dinning room. 'Everyone ready' he called Matt and Harry nodded.

'Right then' James called 'Draw your wands'

Harry and Matt faced off against each other wands drawn 'bow'
James called 'duel!'

'Winguardiam Leviosa' Matt shouted levitating a chair into the air and throwing it at Harry.

'Ahh' Harry yelled flattening himself to the floor and rolling to avoid being speared on the end of a chair.

'Fight coward' Matt shouted.

'I'll run if I want to.' Harry shouted back

'Do you want to fight me!' Matt shouted 'or run like a coward.'

'Depends,' shouted Harry 'Do you want to lose.'

'AAHHHHH' Matt yelled 'Expelliarmus'

'Protego' Harry yelled hoping something would happen.

'Ahh' Harry was flung back a few feet but the spell didn't have enough power behind it to really hurt him.

'Yes' Matt yelled 'your beat give up you can't do any magic.'

'I can too!' Harry screamed back 'expelliarmus, expelliarmus, EXPELLIARMUS!'

but nothing happened.

Why isn't it working, Harry thought and for a second he thought maybe I can't do magic.

'Woosh!' a chair Matt had levitated hit Harry straight in the forehead knocking him out and as all went black a voice in Harry's head replied. 'Can't do magic sunny jim think again.'

'Who are you?' Harry thought

'I am your familiar.' the voice replied.

'My what?' Harry asked.

'Familiar' the voice sounded exasperated 'you know your partner the one who shares your mind and gives you advise the one who you care for.'

'Oh, like a pet you mean?' Harry asked

'A pet, I am not your pet, I am your familiar' The voice sounded mad.

'Sorry,' Harry said 'I'm not used to this whole voice in my head thing. Why are you in my head now though why haven't you talked to me before?'

'I only bonded with you today, at the shop, you touched my egg and then there was a huge white light.' the voice was trying to be patient.

'That was you? Wow, so what do you do I mean are you just some voice in my head that talks to me or what?' Harry asked.

'No you silly child I am bound to you that means I share your mind and at the moment I am inhabiting your body because you are bound to me you now have a tattoo on your right shoulder and across your chest. I don't really know much about this bond but the knowledge I was born with and about all I know is that we'll spend the rest of our lives together and that I must go everywhere with you. I can also take on my own body' The voice explained it sounded a bit unsure.

'So I can talk to you in my mind and then when you want to your tattoo will come to life and you will take on your own body and we're going to be together all our lives?'

Harry asked after the voice stopped his lecture.

'Yes that's it.'the voice replied

'So what are you?' Harry asked 'What kind of creature.'

'You'll have to wait and see' he replied mysteriously 'your waking up now.'

'Oh ow' Harry moaned.

'Harry!' Remus was next to him in seconds followed by Sirius then Matt.

'Hey uncle Remus, sorry about losing the duel, I'll need to work on those protection spells aye.' Harry commented in his mind he had felt fine but now he was awake his head throbbed and he felt kind of out of it.

'How do you feel Harry?' Sirius asked

'My heads sore but that's it.' Harry replied.

'Yeah that's normal after being hit by a chair! I knew that duel wasn't a good idea why I let you talk me into it I don't know.' Remus scolded Sirius and from the look on his face he had spent the whole time Harry was out being told how irresponsible he was.

'I'm fine Uncle Remus, hey why do you think my spells didn't work?' Harry asked sitting up suddenly forgetting his headache in his curiosity.

'Well Harry' Remus said 'most spells take a lot of practice to master, Matt's been doing magic a lot longer than you and has been practicing with James for even longer so its logical that he should beat you. If you like however I will teach you some spells before you go to Hogwarts.'

'Really, that'd be great uncle.' Harry yelled hugging Remus and tackling him to the floor.

'Scrum!' Sirius shouted and joined to two on the floor

'Yeah' shouted Matt flopping into the pile.

'Mph' groaned Remus wiggling underneath Harry trying to get free 'squashed.' he moaned.

'Stop moaning Remus and take it like a man, hey you stepped on my toe on purpose that hurt I'll get you.' Sirius dived at Matt.

After Remus and Harry managed to separate Matt and Sirius and Remus convinced Sirius to act his age, Sirius and Matt went off to play quidditch while Remus took Harry into a spare room.

'Ok Harry you know the words for Winguardiam Leviosa right, well with all spells there's also a wand movement and Winguardiam Leviosa's movement is swish and flick. Yes like that, now say it with me Wingguaaaardiam Leviosa, make the gaaaaaaarrr nice and long, yes, now try it with the wand moment. Very good Remus applauded 'now try it with this feather'

'Winguardiam Leviosa' Harry said pointing his wand at the feather but nothing happened,

'try again Harry,' Remus encouraged.

'Ok, Winguardiam Leviosa.' Harry said again, still nothing, wait Harry thought what if I use wandless magic combined with wand magic. If I think about the feather floating image and become one with it. Harry let out his breath going into a trance and in the darkness the words came to him and he felt a rush of warmth as he said them, not a draining warmth like normal but an enjoyable warmth.

'Winguardiam Leviosa'

The feather leapt into the air as if on fire suspended by magic it floated six feet in the air.

Opening his eyes Harry watched the feather, concentrating on keeping it in the air Harry made it circle the room before letting it float to the floor.

'Well done Harry very well done. You've got it practice that and you'll be able to do it without thought like Matt, now try again.'

For an hour Harry and Remus practiced the charm, it didn't always work but when it did Harry had complete control over it and each time he felt the same rush of warmth which he had come to assume was his magic. When Remus left hours later Harry felt proud of his effort and felt like seeing if he could do more magic but first rolling up the sleeve of his robes Harry gazed down the tattoo on his arm. A phoenix, his familiar was a phoenix.

'Close, Harry.' the voice in his head said 'now I will take my true form, this may sting a bit.'

A bit was not the words Harry would have used to describe the searing pain that erupted in his arm after his familiar said this. Harry felt as if his arm was going to fall off and to stop the screams of pain he bite down hard on his bottom lip. Just as the pain stopped Harry collapsed on the ground in exhaustion holding his arm 'what was that...' Harry panted looking up before falling silent. In front of him was a creature that resemble a phoenix but had some key differences. Measuring about one and a half feet with a foot long tail, the phoenix's feathers were as black as night, his head was very angular and his beak had four shiny fangs protruding from either side, a larger one than a smaller one right beside it. The creature looked built for battle, with his streamline grace and pointed fangs.

'Hello Harry.' The creature spoke up.

'Ummm hi you're well you're what are you?' Harry stuttered out afraid to offend his familiar.

'I'm a rare breed of phoenix. My species hasn't been seen for hundreds of years so I believe wizards have recorded us as extinct.' The phoenix stated sounding important.

'Oh' Harry started 'why are you black then not meaning to be rude.'

'My kind are always black, we bond with one human each millennium and will often wait even longer before finding our chosen. I believe the last one of my kind bonded with merlin, although I'm not sure why my kind are black I think it just makes it easier to sneak around

places.' The phoenix seemed to puzzle this out for a while before looking back at Harry.

'Um what should I call you I mean what's your name I can't just call you phoenix can I?' Harry asked.

'Oh' the black phoenix looked startled at this 'I didn't tell you oh well it's Aidan.'

'That's cool what's it mean?' Harry asked

'Umm' Aidan replied a little reluctantly 'Little fiery one.'

'HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA' Harry burst into laughter 'little hahaha fiery hahahaha one hahahhahah.'

'It's not funny just because I'm a phoenix its suddenly a funny name I tell you there are lots of people named Aidan.'

'Yeah' laughed Harry 'but they don't burst into fire.'

'If your going to insult me I might just fly out.' Aidan turned his nose up.

'Don't I won't laugh, much, please stay,' Harry begged

'Hm that's good enough for me.' Aidan replied sitting on his hunches like a dog. 'Now is there anything you want to know?'

'Um yeah.' Harry started 'Matt gets magic really quickly but when I did expelliarmus back there it just didn't work why's it so hard.'

'Well' Aidan seemed a bit lost for words 'look at it this way Harry inside of you is your magical core like your wand has a core now inside every wizard is a magical core and depending how large your core is depends on your power. To be able to use a spell you have to find your magical core and channel its magic into the words of the spell. For example if your using wandless magic levitate something, you would first find your core then concentrate on what is supposed to happen while pushing your power into the object. Most wizards

don't have to do this because there core connected to there wand but your core is, your body, not just connected to part of it, that's why your spells drain you so much your pushing part of yourself into the spell. You have to be physically fit to be able to use your wandless magic and that's why your magic was bound up until now. The fitter you are the better it will work, now when you use a wand you don't have to be fit as the magic goes through your wand. Unlike other wizards your wand isn't connected to your magic it is connected to you and so instead of your magic just flowing like others does, you have to give it a push it out. Now when you do a spell you must first find your core than push the magic outwards towards your wand while saying the incantation try it.'

'Ok' Harry said. 'How do I find my core?'

'The easiest way to find it your first time is by meditating close your eyes and calm your breathing then look for it inside yourself.'

'Ok' Harry breathed out closing his eyes he searched inside himself core, core, magical core, he kept thinking searching around in the darkness then suddenly a bright light was all around him, blinding him. Found it he thought now push it outwards breathing out Harry pushed the light with his mind when nothing happened he pushed again thinking hard about floating. 'Winguardiam Leviosa' he said.

As soon as the words were out of his mouth Harry felt his magic run through him.

'Stop! Stop!' a frantic voice cried out.

Huh opening his eyes Harry saw that everything in the room was floating, Aidan was shouting for him to stop.

'Put it all down!' He shouted

'Sorry' Harry replied hurriedly dropping everything from his hold. Instantly everything fell to the floor.

'No!' shouted Aidan 'You couldn't do it gently.'

'Oops' muttered Harry.

'Still Aidan went on to say 'you are very powerful because your magic didn't have a focus it levitated everything it could find and if you keep practicing it won't take you long to push your magic out it will become second nature. Now enough magic for today. Tomorrow I'll teach you transfiguration than depending how you do, defense against the dark arts then charms we may even do some ancient runes. Ok'

'ok, now are you going to go back into my mind?' Harry asked afraid of the answer.

'Yes it wouldn't do for your brother to see me would it?' Aidan replied. 'One thing though, as we get to know each other better the bonding will be less painful.'

'Oh good' Harry sighed 'I didn't think I could go through that every time you needed food.'

Calls of 'Hurry up!'

'Where's my wand'

'Where are my robes'

'There packed honey.'

'Mum my owl poohed on my hat'

'Dad my trunks too heavy.'

'Ow that was my foot you stepped on.'

'Hey that's my breakfast' echoed through the Potter household on September 1st. The two Potter twins were getting ready for their first day at Hogwarts, Matt Potter, the eldest of the two was the beloved boy-who-lived. Respected by the wizarding public, local hero and loved by all. The younger Potter twin, Harry was often forgotten pushed aside, left behind in favor of his famous twin. Harry stood by

the door his trunk next to him as his brother and parents rushed around the house trying to find all Matt's school things.

'So Harry ready for school?' Harry's familiar, Aidan asked him.

'Yeah' Harry replied watching his brother try to pull his shirt on the wrong way then Lilly come along and help him. He signed.

'Harry,' Aidan said 'I know you want that and one day they'll look at you like that. Just you wait.'

'Yeah but when.' Harry asked desperately, 'Why not now, why can't I be good enough for them, Matt was always better at everything I'll never be good enough.'

FLASHBACK

'Do it again, why can't you get this, just float the feather, it's so simple.' James yelled at his son.

'I'm sorry Dad.' Harry replied 'I'll try harder.'

'Why, why can't you be like Matt?' James was getting mad. 'Arg' James moaned pinching his nose 'try it again.'

END FLASHBACK

'Don't think like that Harry' Aidan scolded 'Once you go to Hogwarts you can make your parents proud. Give up now and you'll never get another chance, stop wallowing in self pity.'

'Sorry Aidan,' Harry replied sadly 'It's just sometimes no I will make Dad proud just wait and see.'

'That's the Harry I know' Aidan spoke proudly 'Show them how it's done.'

'Hurry up, we're leaving.' James called to his family

‘Coming Dad.’ Harry and Matt echoed, pulling their trunks behind them trying to catch up to their father.

After a rather dramatic car ride, in which James almost crashed twice. The Potter family made it to King’s Cross station.

‘Remind me never to let you drive again James.’ Lilly staggered drunkenly out of the car while James helped Matt with his trunk and Harry heaved his own trunk from the boot.

‘I wasn’t that bad.’ James objected and an argument broke out between the two, as the family walked towards platform nine and three quarters.

‘Straight through the barrier Matt.’ James told his son.

‘Yeah, Dad.’ Matt called over his shoulder walking through the ticket booth wall.

‘Ladies first,’ James commented, ushering his wife through the barrier then stepping through himself leaving Harry to bring up the rear.

Stepping through barrier Harry saw a huge red steam train with writing on the side that read Hogwarts express.

‘Wow’ he murmured.

‘Harry over here.’ James called

Making his way through the crowd to his family Harry watched as a tearful Lilly hugged Matt and wished him luck before doing the same to him. Whispering that she loved him Lilly pulled away from Harry and James smiled happily at his boys.

‘Make plenty of trouble for your teachers boys.’ James instructed.

‘James!’ Lilly scolded hitting him over the head ‘be good boys.’

‘We will Mum.’ Harry and Matt said.

'Now hurry and get on the trains leaving soon.' Lilly pushed the boys towards the train.

Finding a empty compartment, both boys leaned out the window to wave goodbye to their parents and with last goodbyes the train whistle blew and the Potter twins were off for their first year at Hogwarts.

'Hey, Harry?' Matt asked turning to Harry 'what do ya think it'll be like, you know Hogwarts.'

'Magical.' Harry replied

'Yeah' Matt said 'I wonder if we'll be in the same house family normally are aren't they.'

'I think so, don't know, maybe.' Harry replied.

'I hope so, hey do you know how we're sorted, Dad says it hurts but I think he was kidding. Hope he was kidding.' Matt sounded unsure.

Harry snorted. Just then the compartment door opened and a red head boy entered.

'Can I sit here?' He asked 'All the other compartments are full.'

'Sure' Matt said 'I'm Matt, Matt Potter, who are you?'

'Matt Potter, you're the boy who lived.' The red haired boy exclaimed.

'Yeah,' Matt said sounding pleased 'and this is my brother Harry.'

'Oh hi,' the boy said distractedly 'I'm Ron, Ron Weasley.'

The rest of the journey Matt spent talking to Ron while Harry sat in the corner reading, until a girl with bushy hair came and told them the train was arriving and informed them her name was Hermione Granger. After that the three boys changed into there robes, overall a pretty uneventful journey.

Getting off the train the three boys heard calls of 'firs' years, firs' years over here'

'Hagrid' Harry called 'Well how are Harry.'

Hagrid had been Harry's teacher when he was younger and had taught Harry his love of creatures magical or muggle.

On the trip over the lake Harry, Matt, Ron and one boy called Shamus were in the same boat and as the boat reached the middle of the lake creatures of all sorts surfaced and as Harry's boat passed them they bowed down .

'Will ya look at that. Ther' showing ther' respects to ya Matt.'

'Um thanks.' Matt yelled out.

'We shown you our loyalty great one.' The chief mermaid said. 'Now we must go great things await you.'

Diving back into the water the magical creatures dived back into the lake.

'Wow,' Matt whispered 'Did you see that he bowed to me, me wait to Mum and Dad hear about this.'

'Yeah' Harry said as the boats started off again.

Arriving at the oak doors Hagrid knocked three times and the entrance hall doors opened to reveal a strict looking woman with her hair in a tight bun.

'That's professor McGonagall, Dad told me about her' Matt whispered.

'I am professor McGonagall' the professor started 'head of Gryffindor house and deputy headmistress the sorting will take place soon follow me.'

Upon entering the great hall the students gasped in awe at the replica of the night sky above them and as Hermione informed them was

enchanted Harry's glaze fell on and old hat placed on a three legged chair.

'When I call your name you will come up and try on the hat.' Professor McGonagall informed the first years. Just then the hat burst into song, as it finished all the students clapped.

'Abbot Hannah' Professor McGonagall called out and after the hat shouted out the house the list went on until 'Potter Harry.'

Whispers of 'Potter, did she say, yeah must be I different one, yeah not the boy-who-lived.'

As the hat fell over Harry's eyes he heard another voice in his head, 'hmmm powerful' it said.

'Um who are you?' Harry asked.

'Yeah who are you.' Aidan asked.

'What?' The voice sounded surprised..

'Why are you here, no one may enter Harry's mind' Aidan hissed.

'Wait Aidan. Are you the hat' Harry asked.

'Yes' the hat replied.

'Could you hurry and do this Aidan doesn't like this and neither do I so if you could do your thing then leave.'

'Yes of course.'

'GRYFFINDOR' the hat shouted out.

Taking off the hat Harry walked over to the Gryffindor table.

'Well that was eventful' Aidan commented

'Yeah,' Harry agreed sitting down.

After Matt was sorted into Gryffindor and the sorting finished up Dumbledore stood up and welcomed the new students before saying that the forest and the third floor corridor were out of bounds.

'Let the feast begin!' He shouted out.

At his words food started appearing on all the plates and all the students dug in. After the feast the prefects took the first years up to the common room. Telling them which stair case to take Harry collapsed onto his bed not even bothering to put on his pajamas and falling asleep.

‘Aidan, I’m lost.’ Harry exclaimed. On his first day at Hogwarts and he was already struggling just to get to breakfast.

‘Well Harry if you had looked where you were going last night maybe you would be able to find your way back.’ Aidan scolded.

“Ahhh” Harry exclaimed "I need a map."

Stomping down the hall he ran straight into a wall, before falling back on his butt.

“Ahhh” Harry screamed throwing his hand forward he shouted out “open!” Not expecting the wall to obey just to burn off some frustration however, to Harry's surprise, the wall slid back to reveal a secret passage way.

“Wow” Harry mumbled before scrambling up and hurrying down the passageway. The passageway came out near the entrance hall and Harry made it to breakfast just before timetables were handed out.

“Take one pass it on.” Professor McGonagall called down the Gryffindor house table as the time tables were passed out. Looking down at his Harry saw he had transfiguration first with the Ravensclaws.

Monday: Charms (Hufflepuff), Transfiguration(Ravenclaws), Break, Potions (Slytherins), Potions (Slytherins), Lunch, Herbology (Hufflepuff), History of Magic (Ravenclaws), Dinner

Tuesday: Transfiguration (Ravenclaws), Transfiguration (Ravenclaws), Break, DADA (Slytherins), Charms (Hufflepuff), Lunch, Herbology (Hufflepuff), Herbology (Hufflepuff), Dinner

Wednesday: DADA (Slytherins), DADA (Slytherins), Break, History of Magic(Ravenclaws), History of Magic(Ravenclaws), Lunch, Herbology (Hufflepuff), Transfiguration(Ravenclaws), Dinner

Thursday: Charms (Hufflepuff), Charms (Hufflepuff), Break, History of Magic(Ravenclaws), DADA (Slytherins), Lunch, Transfiguration(Ravenclaws), Herbology (Hufflepuff), Dinner

Friday: Potions (Slytherins), Potions (Slytherins), Break, Charms (Hufflepuff), Free, Lunch, Free, Free, Dinner

Harry grabbed a piece of toast and, following Aidan's advise, started to look for the transfiguration class room long before classes were due to start.

Arriving at the transfiguration class room just before the bell rang Harry took a seat next to Matt, who was engaged in a heated discussion with Ron about quidditch.

Just then Professor McGonagall walked in. "Now" She announced to the class, turning to face them. "Transfiguration is one of the more delicate branches of magic. Every wand movement and word must be perfect." With that she waved her wand and her desk transformed into a pig then with another wave returned to being a desk.

Looking at the class' eager faces she address them again, informing the class that they wouldn't be transforming things into animals for a long time. Then handed out matches to start practicing turning them into needles.

"Match to needle, match to needle" Harry muttered under his breath. Poking his wand hard at the match it came as no surprise to anyone that the match continued to stare back at Harry without even a tinge of silver. Next to Harry, Matt was changing his match from a needle then back to a match in quick succession while continuing to talk to Ron about quidditch.

"Well done Mr Potter." Professor McGonagall exclaimed over at Matt, "I expected nothing less after being trained by James, he was the best student I every had. Ten points to Gryffindor. Everyone keep working."

"What did Aidan say about transfiguration oh yeah, will, I have to really want this want it more then anything else." Harry continued to murmur under his breath. "Ok find my core now picture what I want, concentrate now, match to needle."

Warmth spread through Harry and into the needle. Slowly the needle started to grow longer and sharper and gain a silver tinge before turning totally into a needle.

“Well done Mr Potter, well done indeed.” Professor McGonagall stood over Harry. “Two Gryffindors to get this right. James will be proud of his sons, yes I believe another ten points to Gryffindor.”

Grinning with happiness Harry went back to his needle trying to get it to change back.

By the end of the double only Harry, Matt and Hermione, another Gryffindor had managed to make any changes to their matches. Hermione’s match had gone a silvery colour and had turned noticeable sharper but hadn’t made a full transfiguration into a needle. Harry’s and Matt’s matches had turned both into a needle then back again and Professor McGonagall had been quite impressed. Though not so much that she hadn’t given them homework. They had a foot of parchment to write about basic inanimate object transformations, due next week.

After break Harry set off to DADA, upon arriving at the class room Harry found himself confronted by a blond boy and two thugs.

“So” the blond boy faced him “your Potter’s twin are you? Pathetic, Gryffindor of course, I’m Draco Malfoy and this Crabbe and Goyle. You’d better watch out for us Potter, Slytherins don’t like Gryffindors.” Just then the rest of the class arrived and Harry was spared fighting with the spoilt Slytherin boy.

Much to Harry’s disappointment DADA was a joke, Professor Quirrel stuttered so badly it was hard to understand a word he said and Harry was glad when the lesson ended.

Next Lesson was charms which turned out to be quite interesting. Professor Flitwick was a small man with a high squeaky voice. He taught standing on a stack of books and while taking the roll fell off them after saying Matt’s name.

In charms they practised the theory of winguardiam leviosa, having already learnt this Harry spent the time talking to Aidan about wandless magic. After the lesson finished Harry departed for lunch, following the crowd to reach the Great Hall Harry grabbed some Ham and a sandwich and went to find the library, maybe he could get some study in before herbology.

Herbology was quite a boring class, having no interest in plants Harry let his thoughts drift to the new spell he'd found. Alohomora was the unlocking jinx, used to unlock all doors. He thought he'd try it this afternoon, after dinner, just then his attention was abruptly returned to the class by Professor Sprout's face up close to his.

"Well, Mr Potter, what is accumatilar sap used for?" Professor Sprout did not look impressed.

"Sometimes used to thicken potions accumatilar sap is mainly used in healing potions as it has a tendency to make the drinker drowsy, professor." Harry quoted from the text book.

"Very Well, listen to the lesson next time Mr Potter." Professor Sprout scolded before returning to the front of the class to continue the lecture.

"Few" Harry flopped down on his four poster bed."That was exhausting"

"I'm sure it was, now where's my food?" Aidan asked

"Right here," Harry said pulling some of the ham from lunch out of his robe's pocket. "it's safe to come out."

With that Harry felt his tattoo come to life to reveal his familiar Aidan, a black phoenix. Swooping down to collect his food Aidan munched hungrily on the ham while Harry stretched, loosening up his muscles.

"You coming for a run?" Harry asked Aidan as he started going through warm ups.

"Yes, I think I'll come with you, but where will you run?" Aidan asked, continuing to consume his meal.

"Hmmm, well since the forest is out of bounds no students will be in there, I think I'll run through there." Harry decided.

"Good chose but one thing, how will you get there?" Aidan asked

"Woo hoo" Harry called through the forest as he ran, his brother's invisibility cloak tucked into his robes.

About an hour later Harry stopped, panting.

"I'm tried Aidan, stop, can't, run." Harry panted.

"That was a good run, Harry you've improved greatly from when we first met." Aidan complemented Harry, drifting down to land on one of the trees.

"Thanks Aidan" Harry puffed "but I've got a long way to go before Dad thinks so. Better get back, the feast will be starting soon."

"Your right, put that cloak on and hurry up." Aidan encouraged, "you can't be late if you want to make your Dad proud."

"Yeah." Harry murmured "your right."

Pulling on the cloak Harry sprinted back towards the castle, unaware of the eyes that followed him, hungrily.

The rest of the week progressed much the same, wake up, eat, lessons, study, sleep. That was until Friday came around and the first potions lesson.

"Potions." Matt whined next to Harry at the Gryffindor table, "why potions first, they wrecked a perfectly good Friday morning."

"Potions would be wreck any part of the day for you." Harry replied digging into his bacon.

"Yes, but Snape's a nightmare." Matt groaned again.

"Oh well better get going, don't want to give Snape a reason to put us in detention so soon." Harry said getting up and grabbing his bag.

"Yeah," Matt agreed following "this lessons gonna be bad enough as it is."

Matt was right about Snape. As soon as he entered the classroom the lesson went from really awful to complete nightmare.

He questioned Matt on some potion ingredients and Matt was fool enough to make a smart remark losing Gryffindor 10 points, then his sleeping potion that was meant to be purple turned sickly orange he lost Gryffindor another 15 points. Harry was paired with Shamus and the potion turned out purple. Snape just walked straight passed them meaning they'd gotten it completely right. When the lesson ended Gryffindor had lost a total of 25 points which was good considering Snape hated all Gryffindors.

"Arg" Matt groaned after leaving the dungeons, "why does Snape have to be so, arg. What's wrong with him, breathing down our necks, criticizing everything but when the Slytherins get it wrong oh no there's nothing wrong with their potions. It is just so!"

"He took points for no need," Ron joined the rant and all through break they talked about how unfair Snape was. They were still complaining when they reached History of Magic, that was until Binns came in and put everyone but Hermione and a couple of Ravenclaws they shared the class with to sleep.

"Ahhhh" Harry yawned, heading up to the common room, upon arriving he spotted a group of first years gathered around the notice board.

"Flying lessons," Matt said coming up to Harry, "next Friday but we've got them with the Slytherins, what did we do to deserve this."

"Must have been awful," Harry replied. "Well I've got to go that charms essay it won't finish itself."

"Yeah, I wish mine would." Matt replied with a dreamy look. "Hey have you written to Mum and Dad yet?"

"Not yet" Harry replied "nothing much to say."

"I guess" Matt shrugged "but Dad'll be proud we both made Gryffindor, continue the legacy, you know the marauders."

"Yeah, hey you got the map?" Harry asked.

"Sure do," Matt assured him "Dad slipped it to me when we left."

"Great, I want to check something on it," Harry said.

"Ok well, Ron wants to go see Hagrid so I've got to go, see ya Harry." Matt rushed off to meet his new friend.

"See ya." Harry called back climbing the stairs to the boys dorm.

"Let me see, passage way to the entrance hall. It should be about here, but it's not on the map." Harry pondered over his newly found secret passage before Aidan interrupted.

"Shouldn't you be doing your homework?" He asked.

"Oh yeah," Harry replied scrambling over to his book bag and pulling out his charms book.

"I want to try out this unlocking charm I found in the library." He told Aidan as he finished off the charms essay. "I'll bring you back something for dinner."

"You better," Aidan replied "I'm getting hungry up here."

Laughing Harry trotted off to find a spare classroom to practice the charm in.

"Alohomora" Harry flicked his wand at the door but noting happened.

"Remember Harry," Aidan coached "Find your core."

"Ok" Harry breathed

Instantly he found the glowing ball of magic inside of him, "alohomora" he whispered flicking his wand and the door clicked open.

"Yes" Harry cried out dancing around the room.

"Now do it without the wand" Aidan instructed.

"Spoil sport." Harry muttered but never the less complied. One hour later after practising; levitation, unlocking and transformation all wandlessly. Harry could successfully levitate an object without thought, transform a match into a needle and back in under two minutes and, with some thought, unlock doors.

"Few," Harry collapsed into a seat at the house table, "that was hard work."

"Hey Harry," Matt plopped down into the seat on the right side of Harry. "How ya going?" He asked, grabbing a roll and ripping into it.

"Not bad," Harry replied, placing some beef in his pocket for Aidan.

“Hey Matt,” Ron sat down on Matt’s right and engaged him in conversation leaving Harry to eat in peace. At that time a boy with a round, pump face sat down on Harry’s left. His face was scrunched up with worry as he absent mindedly stuck his elbow in the mash potatoes.

“Something wrong?” Harry asked, amused.

“Ur no” the boy replied “ why would you think that?”

Harry pointed at the mash and the boy, blushing red, quickly pulled his elbow out.

“Oh,” he remarked.

“Yeah,” Harry laughed “so what’s eating you? I’m Harry by the way.”

The boy sighed, “Neville, I’ve gone and lost my toad, Trevor. You haven’t seen him have you?” Neville sounded hopeful.

“No sorry” Harry replied but watching Neville’s face sink he said quickly “but if you want I’ll help you look for him.”

Brightening again Neville replied excitedly “That would be great!” Before once again sticking his elbow into the potatoes.

“Where’d you see Trevor last?” Harry asked Neville. They had become fast friends and Harry was helping Neville find his toad. It was a Saturday and they had been searching for Trevor since breakfast and it was now about lunch time.

“The Hogwarts express,” Neville replied sheepishly.

Harry stood up so fast his head hit a suit of armor, sending it to the floor in a monstrous clash. Wincing, Harry righted himself.

“That long?” He asked, picking up the armor.

Neville nodded looking ashamed.

"Well," Harry said "looks like we'll just have to look harder, but I'm not sure about you but I'm hungry. How 'bout lunch, then we keep looking."

"Alright," Neville had really brightened up at the sound of food, "lets go!" He exclaimed.

"Where do you think your going Longbottom?" Draco Malfoy asked, stepped out from behind a corner, followed closely by Crabbe and Goyle.

"Malfoy," Neville gulped.

"Scared Longbottom you should be, why did that hat put such a wimp like you in Gryffindor?" Malfoy remarked.

"Hey!" Harry rose up to defend his friend. "Leave Neville alone, he never did anything to you."

"Harry don't," Neville started to say but was cut off by Malfoy.

"Think your brave Potter. Think you're smart defending Longbottom here, you need to learn your place." Malfoy remarked.

"Neville is worth ten of you!" Harry shouted at Draco.

"Yeah!" Draco shouted back, drawing his wand.

"Yeah," Harry confirmed.

"Don't show your wandless abilities just yet," Aidan warned Harry.

"Right" Harry replied, drawing his own wand.

"What is going on here?" Snape had arrived on the scene.

"Drawing wands on a fellow classmate Potter, 15 points from Gryffindor." Snape smirked down at Harry.

"But sir," Harry protested.

“10 more for back answering, now leave before I make it 50.” Snape leered down at the two Gryffindor. “Get alone!” He snapped.

“Yes sir.” Harry sulked, retreating down the corridor, Neville trailing behind.

“You didn’t have to do that for me Harry.” Neville told Harry as the pair made there way down to lunch.

“Yes I did Neville, your important and never let Malfoy or anyone tell you other wise. You’ll be a great wizard one day Neville, I can fell it.” Harry faced Neville and informed him.

“You mean it Harry?” Neville asked uncertainly.

“Of course,” Harry replied “now lets get that lunch.” "Neville!" Harry cried out a second to late as Neville’s foot sank into a trap stair and he went down hard.

“You’ll get there,” Harry assured the blushing boy as he heaved him out of the stair.

“What if I fall? What if I make a fool of myself? Gran never let me on a broom before.” Neville looked at the point of hyperventilating in his panic.

“Neville,” Harry interrupted his friends rant “calm down.” Dad wouldn’t let me on a broom either so we’ll be in the same boat or broom. Whatever. Just stay calm, I’ll be right there with you and who knows you might like it. Now check that remembrall your Gran sent you and see if you’ve forgotten anything.”

“Oh yeah.” This seemed to take Neville’s mind off flying as he and Harry made there way outside for the fist lesson.

“Everyone stand at a broom!” Madam Hooch instructed the class.

“Now say, UP!” She shouted “and mount like this.”

“UP!” The class shouted. Several brooms shot into hands, Harry was pleased to note that his was one of them. Along with Matt’s Ron’s, after it hit him in the head and Malfoy’s.

“Neville,” Harry whispered as madam Hooch corrected grips “calm down.”

Matt and Ron both snorted when madam Hooch told Malfoy that he’d been doing it wrong for years. After correcting everyone’s grips Madam Hooch returned to the front of the class.

“Now!” She shouted out “on my whistle you will push off from the ground, hover for a few seconds then land again. Three, two.”

Neville was too nervous and pushed off on two.

“Come back here boy!” Madam Hooch bellowed.

Neville just kept rising. “Neville!” Harry cried out and without thinking about it Harry kicked off and soared up after his friend.

“Come back here both of you!” Madam Hooch roared but Harry was beyond hearing, Neville needed help. Flattening himself to the broom handle like he’d seen his dad do so many times, Harry shot upwards towards his friend.

Reaching Neville Harry leveled his broom and tried to steady Neville but before he got the chance Neville over balanced and fell, Harry dived. Racing Neville towards the ground he didn’t feel any fear, only sheer determination to save his friend. Harry didn’t hear the screams as he let go of his broom with both hands to grab Neville or the whoops as he pulled out of the dive inches from the ground, Neville on his broom. He didn’t even hear Madam Hooch’s threats of expulsion as he reached out his hand to grab Neville’s remembrall that had fallen out of his pocket. He did however hear Professor McGonagall.

“Harry Potter!” Her voice carried the length of the grounds and Harry’s heat sunk, trouble.

“Never have I seen!” Madam Hooch’s voice had been silenced by the arrival of the Gryffindor head of house.

“Come with me Mr Potter.” Professor McGonagall instructed.

“Professor, wait.” Neville seemed to have snapped out of his trance. “Harry” but professor McGonagall glared hard at him. “Enough!” She shouted.

“Follow me Mr Potter” she instructed again. Bowing his head Harry followed as Malfoy snorted in the background. He was going to be expelled, his dad would never be proud of him.

“Cheer up Harry” Aidan encourage “Maybe they’ll let you stay.”

“After that, thanks Aidan but not a chance,” Harry replied miserably, stopping outside the charms classroom.

Knocking Professor McGonagall poked her head around the door “Filius, could I borrow Wood for a second?” She asked.

Wood? Harry thought, just then a tall boy emerged from the charms classroom.

“Follow me both of you.” McGonagall instructed, leading on.

Shrugging Harry and Wood followed, while a blossom of hope bloomed inside of Harry.

Stopping at her office professor McGonagall lead them inside before speaking.

“Wood” she addressed the tall boy excitedly “I’ve found you a seeker.”

Harry’s and Wood’s eyes almost fell out.

"S-seeker," stuttered Harry while Wood looked him up and down. "Professor are you sure."

"Positive." McGonagall replied "I just saw him make a 50 foot dive to catch a fellow student, pull him onto his broom and pull out of the dive. Charlie Weasley couldn't have done it."

"Right build for a seeker too," Wood stated, starting to get excited too. "He'll need a decent broom a Comet 260 or a Nimbus 2000."

"I'm sure James will take care of that." McGonagall said, then turning to Harry she said. "I want to hear your training hard and I might just change my mind about punishing you. Now go tell your friends and parents about this, your excused."

"Seeker! Harry wow!" Neville exclaimed over Harry's new position. A first year too, your parents will be so proud."

"You think so?" Harry asked.

"Oh course who wouldn't be!" Neville was as excited as Harry.

"Harry!" Matt shouted to his twin "I heard you made seeker, seeker and you've never even been on a broom. Have you told Dad yet."

"Not yet, I'm going to write to him now, coming Neville?" Harry asked his friend.

"Sure am" Neville replied running after his friend, rescuer and hero. "I've got to write to Gran."

Dear Dad,

Looks like I made Gryffindor like you. I'm writing to tell you I made the quidditch team. Seeker, a first year too, I'm so excited. The first match is in November. School's fine all the classes are great except for potions but Matt will have told you all about that, I just have to say that Snape is a pain. I've made friends with a boy called Neville Longbottom he's really nice but kind of shy. That's about all there is to say.

Harry.

P.S. Oh yeah I found another secret passage that isn't on the map. Sorry Mum I'm too much marauder.

"That should do it." Harry finished with a flourish "will one of you take this to Potter manor?" He asked the school owls. After attaching the letter Harry turned to Neville.

"Ready?" Harry asked.

"Alillmost. Done!" Neville replied. "Lets go."

Walking back to Gryffindor tower Harry saw a patch of brown.

"Trevor!" He yelled racing off after the toad, followed closely by Neville.

"Come back here." Both boys shouted before jumping onto the toad. Laughing they got off Trevor and picked him up before making there way back to the common room. Trevor held tightly by Neville.

“So it’s Winguardiam Leviosa?” Neville asked Harry.

“No, Winguarrrdiam Leviosa” Harry instructed Neville.

“Ok Winguarrrrdiam Leviosa.” Neville said swirling his wand.

The feather lifted a few inches off the ground.

“I did it!” Neville cried out. “I did it! Hear that Malfoy I can do it!”

“Yeah, go Neville” Harry cried. “Hi five!”

“Yeah,” Neville yelled slapping Harry’s palm.

“I can do it.” Neville celebrated, jumping up and down in the common room.

“Neville people are staring at you,” Harry whispered.

“Oh, hehe never mind,” Neville murmured sitting back down.

“Ok what’s next?” Neville asked, “we’ve done transfiguration, charms, DADA and potions.”

“That’s it” Harry replied “we’re done.”

“Alright yes, lets go explore the castle.” Neville cried out enthusiastically, not even being silenced by the strange looks people were giving the pair.

“Lets go” Harry said just as enthusiastically, running ahead to the portrait hole. “Ladies first” he said, ushering Neville out.

“Hey!” Neville called racing off after his laughing friend who had run for it.

Screeching to a halt in front of a portrait Harry whispered “Can I come in?”

“Of course” and the portrait swung forward to admit him just as Neville ran round the corner.

“Harry, where’d you go Harry?” Neville called, hearing his friend laughing behind the portrait of Helga Hufflepuff Neville whispered to the painting. “Can I come in?”

Swinging forward the portrait opened to reveal a laughing Harry.

“Caught” Neville declared.

Still laughing Harry hopped out of the alcove behind the portrait, “where to now?” He asked.

“Hmmm” Neville pondered “to the charms department!” He decided racing ahead, both boys hurtled down the corridors trying to out run the other.

Reaching the charms department both boys collapsed on the floor, panting.

“I won” Harry declared.

“No way,” Neville cried out getting up “so me.”

“No” and as the boys got into a heated argument on who won the race, they started to look around the charms department.

Neville’s gotten so much confidence Harry thought as he walked down the corridor.

“You’re right there Harry,” Aidan agreed “He used to be so scared but even since you took that dive for him he’s gotten so confident.”

“Yeah” Harry agreed.

“Hey Neville what do you think of Matt?” Harry asked.

“He’s really nice, I haven’t talked to him that much you know,” Neville replied.

"Yeah, I guess, Hey when's dinner?" Harry asked again.

"Earlier because it's Halloween, I think about five," Neville replied.

"Five?" Harry asked again.

"Didn't I just say that?" Neville asked,

"we're late!" Harry cried out racing ahead.

"What!" Neville too started to run, "how late?"

"15 minutes" Harry replied,

"Ah oh," Neville said.

"Through here" Harry called, "open" he commanded and the wall sprung to life "Quickly" he called.

"How did you know this was here?" Neville asked following.

"Found it first day of classes, just shouted at the wall and it opened." Harry replied.

"Serious?" Neville asked.

"Yeah" Harry replied. "Scary ay?"

"Yeah" Neville said as the passage way opened up onto a portrait next to the marble staircase. Jogging into the Great Hall the two boys took a seat at the Gryffindor table.

"Where have you two been?" Matt asked through a mouthful of pumpkin pasty.

"Looking round the castle." Harry replied grabbing a licorice wand and biting in. Just then the oak doors were thrown open and professor Quirrel stubbled in.

"T-t-troll in the dungeons, thought you ought to know" he stuttered out before fainting, and the hall erupted.

The students screamed jumping up from the tables the crowd thundered towards the doors, almost crushing Professor Quirrel.

BANG!!!!

Professor Dumbledore made a large cracking noise with his wand. "That's better" he said. "Prefects escort the students back to the common rooms, teachers follow me," Dumbledore instructed.

"Gryffindors, Gryffindors over here." Percy, the Gryffindor prefect yelled out, leading the students towards the doors. When they reached the common rooms Neville whispered to Harry.

"Where's Matt and Ron?"

"There not here?"

"No" Neville replied sounding scared.

"Lets go then," Harry whispered back.. Jumping up the boys dorm stairs Harry rushed over to his brother's trunk and started pulling everything out.

"What are you doing?" Neville asked bending down next to Harry.

"Got it" Harry whispered pulling out an old piece of parchment.

"What?" Neville started but Harry whispered to the parchment "I solemnly swear that I am up to no good."

Neville watched in awe as the point of Harry wand touched the parchment and writing started to spread out.

"That's Hogwarts" Neville stated. "What are those dots?"

"People" Harry replied distractedly, help me find "Ron and Matt. Oh no"

“What, what?” Neville asked,

“there in the girl’s bathroom.” Harry sounded bewildered.

“Oh um so?” Neville asked.

Turning to Neville Harry answered “with the troll and Hermione.”

“Damn.” Neville murmured. “What are we going to do?” He asked.

“Help them.” Harry replied standing up and racing off.

“Why me?” Neville asked before following.

“Why would they go looking for the troll?” Neville asked as he and Harry raced down towards the girls bathroom.

“Maybe they didn’t see Hermione at the feast.” Harry suggested. “After the whole, Malfoy duel thing where Filch caught them in the trophy room and in detention I don’t think they ever missed her anywhere. I sure didn’t with all that yelling, stop, that’s it.”

“ROAR”

“Definitely it.” Neville agreed.

Racing forward Harry and Neville crashed through the door to see Hermione unconscious under the sinks, Ron curled in a corner whimpering as the troll advanced and Matt levitating things at it.

“Winguardiam Leviosa!” Neville shouted out the only spell he knew, levitating the club out of the troll’s hand before dropping it on it’s foot.

The troll howled in pain and flipped around to face Neville, his whole brain power set on destroying what caused him pain.

“Ahh, Harry” Neville whimpered.

Looking up into the gaze of the troll Harry felt his power ripple. STOP! Harry thought.

The troll froze in place, just then the teacher bust into the bathroom, called to the scene by the noise of the troll.

“Stupify!” shot from four wands hitting the troll’s chest and he keeled over.

“What on earth is going on here!” Professor McGonagall asked, “well I’m waiting.”

“We, were, just,” Harry and Neville stuttered.

“Is it over?” Ron’s voice came from the corner.

For the first time McGonagall’s eyes surveyed the bathroom and upon seeing Hermione unconscious in the corner she rushed over.

“Just out cold” she breathed a sigh of relief. Turning to Matt, Ron, Neville and Harry she asked venomously. “What were you four thinking, taking on a fully grown mountain troll on your own. It’s a wonder you all aren’t dead.”

“Professor, it was.” Matt started.

“Yes?” she asked.

“It was me professor.” Harry volunteered, “it’s my fault.”

“Your’s Mr Potter?” Professor McGonagall asked.

“Yes I wanted to see if I could take it miss. After the dive and all I thought it’d be easy.” Harry stuttered out.

Neville, Ron and Matt gaped at Harry, then realizing what he was doing quickly shut their mouths and tried to look like they already knew this.

"You thought you'd take on a mountain troll?" Professor McGonagall asked again.

"Yes miss. If Neville hadn't told Ron, Hermione and Matt, I would be dead." Harry lied.

"I'm very disappointed in you Harry." Professor McGonagall said slowly "20 points from Gryffindor and you will be joining Mr Potter, Weasley and Miss Granger in detention."

"Yes professor," Harry agreed his head bowed.

"You are excused if you aren't hurt, I'll be taking Miss Granger up to the hospital wing." Professor McGonagall swept past them.

Smirking, Snape departed as well, limping slightly followed closely by Quirrel.

Neville turned on Harry, "Why did you do that?" He asked "you took all the blame."

"Thanks Harry" Matt said coming up and slapping him on the back, "I owe you big time."

"Yeah mate," Ron said as well "thanks."

"No prob" Harry grinned "happy to help."

"You took all the blame!" Neville didn't seem to be able to get over that fact.

"Yeah I did, Harry said, " but it's cool."

"Why?" Neville asked as the four made their way towards the common room.

"Just did" Harry said. "Nice job with that club though really cool."

"Thanks" Neville said blushing then hopped over the trick stair.

"Yeah" Harry called hi-fiving Neville.

"I want to know how you guys knew where we were?" Ron asked.

"Harry used this weird map thing," Neville explained to Ron.

"The marauder's map" Matt corrected, it's got all the passages in Hogwarts marked.

"Really?" Neville and Ron asked lets see and as the four made there way up to the boys dorms they explained about the map and how it worked.

"Morning Harry," Neville greeted as he sat down at the Gryffindor house table the day after the troll attack. Just then the post owls arrived and four owls swooped down towards Harry carrying a large package between them. "Wow!" Harry remarked as the owls dropped the package in his lap, grabbing the letter with his father's handwriting on it Harry ripped it open.

Dear Harry,

You did what? You made the team, son I'm so proud and as a first year. There hasn't been a first year for over a century and my son made it. You have no idea how proud I am of you Harry, now you have to join in quidditch games with me and Matt, sorry Matt and I. I didn't believe it till McGonagall's letter arrived telling me. I thought it was some great joke, then McGonagall's letter got here and your mum comes racing in screaming Matt and Harry took on a troll. Screeching her head off then she hands the letter to me and it says you made the team I was jumping around yelling. Your mother wasn't too pleased. Sirius and Remus think it's brilliant. Enough though, why are you still reading this you better hurry up and open your broom and you better still be at the table so you can show it off to everyone. Ouch Lilly that hurt. Well that's all, have fun in detention, brilliant taking on a troll but I being the responsible parent I am must discourage you from taking on another one. If I'm not there to see it.

Love Dad

P.S. Tell Snivellus he's a greasy old git.

P.P.S. Your mother's proud too.

P.P.P.S is this getting annoying, ok I'll stop now.

Just like dad Harry thought pocketing the letter before ripping open the package.

"A broomstick," Harry murmured.

"That's no ordinary broomstick Harry, that's the Nimbus 2000." Neville whispered next to Harry.

The boys looked at each other before jumping up and racing out towards the grounds, breakfast forgotten.

"Yeah!" Harry shouted zooming into the air on his new broomstick.
"Neville you want a go!" He shouted down.

"No I'm cool!" Neville replied.

"No your not" Harry called diving towards the ground and pulling Neville onto the broom.

"Harry!" Neville cried as the pair shot towards the sky "Arrrrrrrrrrrr!" Neville screamed.

"Neville!" Harry cried over the sound of the wind racing past them,
"open your eyes."

"No!" Neville cried back.

"Yes!" Harry back flipping the broom upside-down.

"What?" Neville's eyes flew open. "Arrrr!"

Laughing, Harry flipped them back.

"Hey this isn't so bad, it's fun." Neville's face broke into a smile.

“Now we dive!” Harry called, flipping the broom down and hurtling towards the ground.

“Ahhhhhhhhh!” Screamed Neville as the ground got closer, “pull out, pull out, pull out!” He shrieked.

“Got ya!” Harry yelled pulling out just before the pair hit the ground. Tumbling off the broom Neville kissed the ground.

“Land,” he cried “solid land!”

Laughing at his friends antics Harry grabbed his school bag. “Coming Neville,” he called “DADA awaits us.”

“Coming, wait for me” Neville called grabbing his book bag and running to catch up to Harry.

“Made it with five minutes to spare,” Harry declared, reaching the DADA classroom.

“Not, pant, from, pant, lack, pant, of, pant, trying, pant.” Neville panted catching up to Harry.

“Come on Neville you need to do more exercise.” Harry said enthusiastically.

“I think I get enough,” Neville panted leaning against a wall, “but I’ve got a suspicion that I’m going to be getting lots more.”

“Potter,” Draco Malfoy approached them.

“Hey Malfoy” Harry replied.

“Heard you got broomstick Potter.” Malfoy replied with a sneer.

"Looks like you heard right." Matt had arrived. "Harry's on the team are you Malfoy? I thought so."

"So what, it's just stupid team." Malfoy sneered back.

"Didn't think it was stupid last week," Matt sneered back. "You were telling us all how you were sure to make it."

Whipping out his wand Malfoy found Matt's wand pointed at his neck. "Don't even think about it Malfoy," Matt sneered. "My father has trained me since I could talk, I'm much more powerful than you will even be."

Malfoy growled and at this point professor Quirrel arrived. "G-g-good m-morning class, t-t-take a s-s-seat."

"T-today c-class," professor Quirrel stuttered. "Y-you will be l-learning the full b-body bind jinx. The i-incantation is p-pertrificus t-t-totalus and the wand motion is a circular m-movement l-like so." Quirrel twirled his wand around in a circle, "n-now p-pair up and start p-p-practicing, the p-pillows are o-over there."

"Partner?" Harry asked turning to Neville, "Sure" he replied getting up "you want to go first?" Neville asked.

"Ok" Harry replied "but I'll warn you now I've never done this before. Pertrificus totalus." Nothing happened.

Neville had his eyes squeezed shut. "Neville," Harry said "You can open your eyes nothing happened."

"Oh" Neville sounded relieved, "not that that's good but."

"Yeah I get it" Harry said, "again?"

"Ok" Neville replied closing his eyes again.

I have to want Neville to be bound, I have to want this, Harry thought, but I don't. I don't want Neville to be bound, I want to impress Dad though. That's it, I don't have to want Neville to be bound I just want

the spell to work. "Pertrificus totalus" Harry chanted feeling his magic rush outwards.

There was a sudden thump from all around the room, everyone was bound except Harry. Looking around Harry grinned sheepishly before fainting. He'd done the whole spell wandlessly.

"He's waking up,"

"I can see that dope,"

"Hey!"

"Harry"

The disembodied voices echoed around Harry's head. Slowly opening his eyes intending to make them shut up Harry was confronted with Matt's, Ron's and Neville's worried face looking down at him.

"Harry!" Neville exclaimed "Your awake!"

"No, kidding?" Harry asked. "Why do you three have to make so much noise?"

"Heh, sorry Harry" Matt said "It's just you've been out of it for four days."

"What?" Harry yelled leaping up. "What day is it?"

"Sunday" Neville replied.

"Oh no, I haven't done any study." Harry yelped jumping out of bed he started pulling on his clothes sitting on the chair beside his bed.

"Mr Potter." Madam Pomfrey exclaimed "your awake, what are you doing out of bed?"

"I've got to Madam Pomfrey, I've got study to do!" Harry cried pulling on his robes.

"Your staying right here!" Madam Pomfrey demanded grabbing at Harry.

"Ahhhh" Harry ducked. "Sorry Madam Pomfrey but I really have to go!" Harry shouted over his shoulder as raced towards hospital door.

"Colloportus," Madam Pomfrey sent the locking jinx at the hospital wing doors. "Your not leaving until I say so" she towered over Harry. "Just like your father always trying to get away," Madam Pomfrey exclaimed leading Harry back to the bed and pushing him back onto it.

"I'm fine Madam Pomfrey," Harry insisted.

"Not until I say your fine do you get to leave." Madam Pomfrey told Harry sternly.

"Please Madam Pomfrey," Harry begged.

"NO!" Madam Pomfrey told Harry sternly, "You have to stay the night, you've been unconscious for four whole days. You're not leaving here until I've given you a check over."

"Fine," Harry skulked.

"Now out of here all of you, Mr Potter needs rest." Madam Pomfrey ushered the three boys out before coming back to Harry.

"Now Mr Potter, drink this and I will give you a check up in the morning." Madam Pomfrey said.

"Ok," Harry agreed gulping the potion. A few minutes passed while Harry waited for the potion to take effect but it never happened.

"Harry go into a trance" Aidan told Harry.

"Why?" Harry asked

"Tell you later, just do it." Aidan sounded worried.

“Ok” Harry replied before falling backwards and appearing to sleep.

“Aidan why am I in a trance?” Harry asked

“You know she gave you a dreamless sleep potion right?” Aidan asked.

“Yes” Harry replied.

“Well,” Aidan seemed to struggle to find words before blurting out. “Your bonded to me so potions don’t effect you, or little ones like that don’t.”

“What?” Harry yelled.

“Well see because we’re bonded you get some of my abilities. Nothing big but you’ll heal quicker then a normal human and are pretty much resistant to small potions like sleeping potions, weak poisons and such. You didn’t really want Madam Pomfrey to want to keep you longer to see why you didn’t sleep did you?” Aidan asked, pushing all the right buttons.

“No, no, no! I’m good, this is cool.” Harry replied quickly.

“I’m glad and while where here I have something to say to you. What gave you the stupid idea to bind the whole class and without a wand!” Aidan cried out. “What if someone had thought you had something to do with the whole class being bound.

“Errrr, I didn’t mean to I was just putting will power in it and I don’t think it occurred to me that I needed a wand I was so at one with the magic I’ve never felt like that before it was like I could feel it all around me. I could consciously feel it was part of me.” Harry exclaimed, getting excited.

“Well done Harry, that is how it should always feel. You shouldn’t have to push it out of yourself it should flow. The more you do that the easier it will be.” Aidan’s voice showed his pride.

“So I’m getting better?” Harry asked mischievously.

“Stop fishing for complements you won’t get any,” Aidan remarked with a smirk. “Now it’s about time you went to sleep for real. Goodnight Harry and when you get out of here you better get me some food quick, I haven’t eaten for four days.”

Laughing Harry slipped into a restful state, happy that he had learned one more spell.

“You may go Mr Potter.” Madam Pomfrey cleared Harry next morning.

“Yes” Harry cried jumping up and racing out of the hospital wing straight into Matt and Ron.

“Hey guys,” Harry greeted as Matt helped him off the floor. “What are you doing here?”

“We came to give Hermione her homework” Ron informed Harry, before whispering to him. “After the whole troll thing Hermione got landed in the hospital wing and we’ve been bring her homework. We’re friends now, it was Matt’s idea though.”

“Ron.” Matt muttered blushing red having heard the whole conversation.

“Taking Sirius’ advise are we Matt, following in his footsteps?” Harry asked Matt while elbowing him in the ribs.

“No!” Matt cried out blushing bright red. “Not like that, I don’t. No way!” Before seeing Harry was teasing and tackling him to the floor. “Why you” Matt cried.

Laughing Harry scrambled out from under his twin. “See you later Matt, Ron I’ve got to find Neville, have fun with Hermione but not too much.” Harry called over his shoulder as he jogged off watching Matt go red and Ron look confused.

“Hey Neville, wait up” Harry called to his friend jogging to catch up.

“Harry you got away from Madam Pomfrey,” Neville laughed as Harry caught up to him.

“Oh stop rubbing it in!” Harry joked, mock punching Neville’s arm.

“You got your stuff for lessons?” Neville asked as the pair made their way towards charms.

“Yeah, I grabbed it before coming, anything interesting happen while I was out?” Harry asked.

“Nope. Well you got a letter about your detention, I’ve got it in my trunk. Professor McGonagall gave it to me to give to you because you were in the hospital wing. I’ll give it to you after class.” Neville told Harry as they walked.

“Thanks,” Harry replied as the pair took their seats near the front of the charms classroom.

Mr Potter

Your detention will take place on next Wednesday the 15th of November at 5:00 p.m. Meet Mr Filch in the entrance hall.

Professor McGonagall

“When is it?” Neville asked Harry.

“Next Wednesday, at 5:00p.m.” Harry replied folding up the letter.

Just then a barn owl swooped through the window and dropped a letter on Harry’s lap.

Dear Harry It read

How would you like to come and see me this Friday afternoon.
Please reply.

Hagrid

"How about it Harry?" Neville asked after reading the letter over Harry's shoulder.

"Sure," Harry replied. Turning the letter over and scribbling a reply before sending the owl off.

"Let's go Neville," Harry quickly assured Neville out the door. "Potions is next and I don't want to be on Snape's bad side."

"So Harry" Neville asked with a mouthful of roast beef. "How did you get that potion so good."

"Well," Harry replied. "Matt is the boy-who-lived right so he needed training. We were both trained since we were able to talk and understand what was being said."

"Matt got the potion all wrong though." Neville argued as the boys finished off their dinner and started making there way up to Gryffindor tower.

"Well yeah my parents thought I was a squib so I was only trained in potions, herbology, history of magic and care of magical creatures. Most of the lessons Matt got were offensive or defensive. He got charms, DADA, transfiguration and dueling all of those sorts of things, Mum and Dad thought it was important that he could duel and fight rather than other subjects." Harry explained.

"Harry, my boy,"

Turning around Harry and Neville saw professor Dumbledore standing behind them.

“Yes, professor?” Harry asked.

“Harry I was wondering if you would come and see me in my office?”

“Um sure professor,” Harry replied.

“Follow me” Professor Dumbledore instructed, leading the way out down the corridor.

Shrugging at Neville Harry said “see you later Neville.” Before hurrying off after professor Dumbledore.

Upon arriving in front of a stone gargoyle Dumbledore came to an abrupt halt causing Harry to almost run into him.

“Sherbet lemons,” Dumbledore said turning to the gargoyle that had sprung to life and jumped out of the way to reveal a moving spiral staircase.

“After you my boy,” Dumbledore ushered Harry towards the stairs before following behind.

The staircase stopped before an intricately carved door, stepping forward Dumbledore pushed the door open and entered, leaving Harry to stand gaping at his doorstep. It’s alive, Harry thought looking around at the office, practically every object was moving, singing or beeping. The silver object in the corner was doing all three in rapped succession. Spinning around a large silver ball while singing then suddenly stopping and beeping. What caught Harry’s attention however was the beautiful red, orange and gold phoenix sitting on the stand in front of the desk.. “Beautiful,” he whispered stepping forward to stroke the bird.

“Thank you young one,” the phoenix sang swooping off his perch to land on Harry’s shoulder.

“My boy it seems Fawkes has taken quite a liking to you,” Dumbledore gazed at the scene with amusement as Fawkes pruned himself on Harry’s shoulder.

"Yes it has professor," Harry agreed while stroking Fawkes' tail feathers.

"Take a seat my boy," professor Dumbledore gestured to the chair in front of his desk. "Fawkes if you would?" Dumbledore gestured to the perch and Fawkes fluttered from Harry's shoulder back to the perch.

"Now my boy," professor Dumbledore started. "As you know before you passed out the entire DADA class was bound by the petrificus totalus curse while you only fainted. I have come to the conclusion that you were responsible for this in a bout of late accidental magic. I requested you here to ask if you have had any other accidental magic."

"Umm"

"I sense can be trusted and has only good will at heart." Aidan told Harry. "We don't know him yet though so don't tell him about me just yet or your wandless magic. You can never be too careful. Tell him about how you told that troll to stop and it did I've been wondering how you did that and he might be able to give us some ideas."

"Yes, when I was fighting the troll I wanted it to stop and it did it just stopped moving. That's all I've done."

Dumbledore looked slightly disappointed, "I was hoping you had some wandless magic ability. I myself do but it is very draining and I can only do small things such as summoning and levitating. Your brother was tested when he was eight and he turned out to have a natural wandless ability as well as limited control over five. He is one of the most powerful wizards I've even seen and will be able to do more than I, with the proper training. I'm planing on starting to teach him wandless magic and I was hoping you had the same ability although you probably just did some late accidental magic. Thank you for your time Harry you are excused."

"Sorry I couldn't be more help professor," Harry apologized, looking sad.

"It doesn't matter my boy it was only a theory, I hear you are doing well in your classes though so keep up the good work. You may be able to help your brother." Dumbledore tried to sound encouraging.

"Yeah," Harry replied sadly "I guess, thanks professor." Leaving the office Harry felt tears well up in the back of his eyes.

I'm still not good enough for them, Harry thought. I try so hard yet I just can't do it, it's not fair. The torches flickered. Matt can do it, Matt's always been able to do it; charms, transfiguration, DADA everything. Now he's got wandless magic too and he's good at it he can do more than Dumbledore, he's got elemental magic he can control fire. The unicorn said I was powerful yet I can't do anything special. Ahhhhhhhhhh. The torches in the whole castle flared brightly before cooling down. What was that? Harry wondered looking one of the torches.

"That" Aidan told Harry "was your elemental ability to control fire awakening."

"Really?" Harry asked.

"Really" Aidan replied with pride. "You my bonded are able to control all the elements and each one will awaken when you felt a lot of the emotion used to trigger it. Just now you felt huge amounts of anger at not being as good as your brother and the awakened your fire ability. Now you must learn to use it."

"Thanks Aidan," Harry thanked his familiar as he practically skipped back to Gryffindor tower.

"Feel the fire Harry," Aidan instructed

"I'm trying," Harry yelled, staring hard at the candle in-front of him.

"Catch on ruddy fire already," he yelled at the candle.

Whoosh! The candle melted under the heat of the flame and the wax pooled out around where the candle had been.

“Fire” Harry murmured.

“That’s right Harry, fire. Now what triggered the fire?” Aidan asked patiently.

“I was angry, anger triggered my powers.” Harry realized.

“Yes. For the first little while you need to feel the emotion that triggered the ability for you to tap into it. After you find it you’ll stop needing to be angry to use fire.” Aidan explained.

“Why didn’t you just tell me that?” Harry asked.

“It was funny seeing you glare at a stick of wax.” Aidan joked “and before you get mad at me, would you really have felt angry if I told you you had to get angry.”

“Yeah ok I see your point,” Harry gave in “but now I’ve got to go find Neville. I promised him a ride on my broom so are you coming with me or staying here in the forest.”

“Forest” Aidan replied “something in here shouldn’t be and I want to find out what. Have fun with your friend.”

“Ok” Harry replied racing off.

“Where’d you go anyway?” Neville asked Harry as the pair made their way towards the quidditch pitch.

“I was trying out this spell I found,” Harry replied.

“Cool what is it?” Neville asked.

“Just to catch things on fire. Now lets see how good you are on this broom, flying lessons again next Wednesday.” Harry commented.

“Yeah” Neville said with fire “and Malfoy better watch out. I’ll be the best, next to you of course.”

“Oh course,” Harry replied striking a pose.

Laughing the pair arrived at the pitch. “Now take it like this.” In the next hour Harry taught Neville how to hold the broom how to call it to him from the ground and how to hover and turn.

“So his name’s Hagrid and he’s a half giant?” Neville asked Harry again.

“Yes,” Harry replied “that’s right you’ve got it, for the eighth time.”

“So he’s really a half giant?” Neville asked again.

“We’re here” Harry’s sighed in relief.

“Oh good.” Neville sounded excited.

Harry knocking confidently on the door. “Hagrid,” he called through the wood, “It’s me Harry and I brought my friend Neville.”

“Down fang, down.” Could be heard through the door before it was flung open by a giant of a man.

“Harry!” He called pulling Harry into a bone crushing hug.

“Hagrid,” Harry squeaked, “this is Neville,” hoping to distract Hagrid from himself.

“Neville you say?” Hagrid asked letting go of Harry, who leaned over clutching his ribs, to examine Neville.

“Neville, you wouldn’t be Neville Longbottom would you, Frank and Alice’s son?” Hagrid asked.

“Yes” Neville mumbled.

Seeing his friend’s depressed face and knowing just what happened to the Longbottoms, tortured to insanity, Harry intervened. “I heard about them from mum and dad they were really kind and powerful wizards you’re just like them Neville.”

Just like he thought this cheered Neville up immensely. “Thanks Harry.”

“I’m serious Neville.” Harry encouraged, your just like them. “Keep working hard and you’ll get to be just as powerful, if not more.”

Beaming Neville and Harry followed the smiling Hagrid inside, only to be attacked by a monestrous dog, Fang.

“Down, fang!” Hagrid yelled, pulling at Fangs collar, while Neville looked shocked at his size and Harry just laughed at his friends face.

“He’s huge!” Neville exclaimed.

“No he’s not,” Hagrid said “I’ve got bigger dogs then Fang.”

“Really,” Neville asked.

“I shouldn’t have told you that forget I said it,” Hagrid said quickly ushering the pair into seats before starting to make tea.

Shrugging Harry turned to Hagrid. “Did you hear about the break-in at Gringotts on July 31st. The thief wasn’t caught and the vault was emptied the same day. Do you know anything about it?”

Hagrid put the mug down a little hard and it smashed sending hot tea all over his hand. “Not at all” he said quickly, mopping up the spill. “Why’d you ask.?”

“Hagrid I’ve known you since I was three years old, I can tell when your lying.” Harry replied smugly.

“Ok so I know something about it, I can’t tell you anything I’m sworn to secrecy by professor Dumbledore himself.”

“Ok then,” Harry replied knowing Hagrid would stand by his promise.

“Enough about me, what have you two been up to?” Hagrid asked and the two spent the rest of the time at Hagrid’s telling him all about their first few weeks at Hogwarts.

“Harry your detention is in five minutes, get out of that bathroom!” Neville yelled.

“One second,” Harry called back.

“Aidan come on I’m going to be late and it’s you that wanted to come, so eat that later. Come on.” Harry urged his familiar.

“Alright, I’m ready,” Aidan replied.

“Finally” Harry murmured as Aidan returned to a tattoo form.

“Heard that,” Aidan snapped,

“You were meant to.” Harry hissed back running out of the bathroom.

“See ya later Neville,” He yelled over he’s shoulder as he sprinted towards the entrance hall. Wonder if anybodies every been late for detention with Filth he wondered, besides Dad and Sirius.

“Mr Potter,” Filch sneered. “Your late, like father like son.”

“Sorry sir,” Harry apologized.

Filch sneered at Harry, “if I had it my way boy you would be spending the next week hanging upside-down by your thumbs in my office. Dumbledore doesn’t give me that kind of power though, but if I catch you braking any rules I will see to it that you are properly punished, understood.”

“Understood sir,” Harry replied.

Narrowing his eyes at Harry for a second, Filch turned his attention back to the now fully assembled group.

“Follow me,” he beckoned, leading the way out of the entrance hall and down towards Hagrid’s hut.

Making their way towards Hagrid’s hut, Harry could make out the black outline of Hagrid and Fang standing just outside the hut. As the group drew closer Harry saw Hagrid was armed with a crossbow, what they were doing was obviously dangerous.

“‘bout time ya got ‘ere.” Hagrid said as the group stopped in-front of the hut. “I’ve been waiting for ya lot for over an hour now.”

“You can thank Mr Potter for that,” Filch sneered, “he was late, after all.”

“Is that so Filch?” Hagrid asked.

“It is, in my opinion he should have to have a week of detentions with me to make up for his lateness.”

“It’s not up to you though, is it Filch? Your part in this is done, I’ll be taking it form here.”

“I’ll be back in the morning,” Filch sneered. “For whatever parts of them make it out alive.” Turning on his heel Filch strode back up-towards the castle.

"What are we doing Hagrid?" Matt asked.

"We're going into the forest tonight," Hagrid replied.

"The forest?" Ron asked, "with spiders and who knows what else."

"Yeah but don't worry, you'll be with Fang or meself, nothings in there that we can't handle. I better tell you what we're doing tonight though, see I've been finding dead unicorns in the forest recently and this one has left his blood all over the path. We'll be looking 'or it and we're gonna put it out of it's misery, poor thing. We'll spilt into two groups, Ron and Hermione your with me, Harry, Matt you two with fang. If you find the unicorn send up green sparks, if you get into trouble send up red ones and I'll come and find you. Is that all clear."

"Yeah, got it, crystal," was murmured in chorus.

"Oh and one more thing, something, or someone is in this forest that shouldn't be, so never stray off the path. Yep that's all."

Choruses of "Yeah, got it, crystal," were heard again at this last statement.

"Lets get goin' then." Hagrid instructed, striding off down the path.

As the group came to a split in the path Harry, Matt and Fang took the left path while Ron, Hermione and Hagrid took the right.

"Doesn't this place creep you out?" Matt asked Harry as the pair walked down the path.

"Not really," Harry replied.

"Why not?"

"I've grown up in forests just like this." Harry replied, "night or day it doesn't really bother me." Rustling in the trees to the left of the path caught the pair's attention, drawing their wands, they waited. A creature leapt from the bushes.

"A kneazle," Harry sighed in relief, pocketing his wand and kneeling down to be on the same level as the kneazle.

"What's your name?" Harry asked, beckoning the kneazle forward.

"Quickpaw," the kneazle replied, rubbing his head against Harry's leg.

"That's a nice name," Harry said. "Quickpaw do you know where the hurt unicorn is?"

"Oh yes," the kneazle replied, "you don't want to go there though. My mum won't let me go but I know where it is. She says I'm just a kitten and that I shouldn't be doing such dangerous things, it's not fair."

"Can you tell me how to find the unicorn then?" Harry asked.

"Oh yes," Quickpaw replied. "Just keep following this path for about five minutes, it'll lead you straight there."

"Thanks Quickpaw," Harry told the kneazle giving him one more stroke before straightening up.

"No problem, just call," Quickpaw told Harry before darting off into the scrub.

"What was that?" Matt asked as Harry turned to face him. "You were talking to that kneazle like it could understand you."

"Yeah, I like to think they can," Harry said.

"All right, but your weird bother."

"You have no idea," Harry murmured under his breath.

"What?"

"Nothing." Shrugging Matt and Harry continued to follow the trail of unicorn blood.

"The bloods getting thicker," Harry stated, running his hand through the puddle on the ground. "We're getting close."

"Hurry up then," Matt called, a few meters in-front of Harry.

"Coming," Harry called, getting to his feet and jogging along after his brother who had started to walk away. Then suddenly Matt stopped and Harry almost ran into him.

"Why'd you stop?" Harry asked stepping out from behind Matt and gazing down at the clearing before them. The unicorn lay to the side, white mane flowing over its neck, over the unicorn crouched a creature, wearing a black cloak. His head bent, the creature was drinking the unicorn's blood.

"Monster," Harry whispered and charged into the clearing, Matt close on his tail.

Standing before the creature Matt called out, "Harry what is that?" This drew the creature's attention. Facing the boys, his mouth dripping with unicorn blood the creature flung himself forwards towards Harry. Harry threw his body to the forest floor, rolled and came up standing. Silently thanking for all the years he had spent in the forest doing just that, Matt wasn't so lucky. After missing Harry the creature swooped down on Matt and after shooting two binding spells at it and having no effect, Matt was scrambling back-wards and quickly running out of places to run to.

"Harry!" Aidan's voice echoed around Harry's head. "That creature fears fire, get angry."

"Angry." Harry growled out. "Fire, Aidan it's not working."

"Your not angry enough, think about the heat in your temper, channel that heat into the fire."

The creature was getting closer to Matt with each passing second.

"This isn't a good time for a lesson Aidan, I have to help Matt now!" Harry shouted.

“Think about what the creature did to that unicorn!” Aidan told Harry.

A wall of fire sprang up in front of Matt, protecting him from the creature. The shocked look on Matt’s face almost made Harry lose the fire but a shriek of the creature brought him back to his task. Circling the creature with fire, Harry put all his anger and will-power into the heat of the flames. Shrieking the creature took off, fleeing the forest.

Dropping to the forest floor Harry breathed hard, trying not to pass out. After the dizzy spell past Harry shakily stood up and stumbled over to the unicorn before collapsing next to it, Matt sat down next to him.

“That was an adventure,” Matt remarked.

“No kidding,” Harry murmured.

The crunching of leaves broke the silence and a whole herd of unicorns emerged from the thicket. There were six in totally, four silver adults and two golden foals. The tallest adult moved forward towards the boys, bending down next to the injured unicorn he touched his horn to the wounds. A blinding, white light shone out at the touch and the boys covered their eyes. When they opened them again, the unicorn that had been hurt stood up in-front of them, bowing her head to the two boys she walked back into the herd. The unicorn that had healed the injured one reared, turning the herd around they charged back into the deeper parts of the forest.

Turning to each other, Matt and Harry said simultaneously, “amazing.” Just then Hagrid, Ron and Hermione charged into the clearing.

“Fang found us, are you two alright?” Hagrid asked.

“Fine,” Matt replied. “We found the unicorn, it’s with its herd now.”

“Really?” Hagrid asked.

"Yeah," Matt exclaimed, "it was" and Harry tuned out as Matt told the entire story of what had happened as the group made their way out of the forest. Letting Matt take the spot light came naturally and it was the easiest option, Harry never liked all that attention but Matt seemed to thrive on it.

"What I don't understand is how the fire was there." Hermione stated after Matt had finished.

"Well," Matt whispered mysteriously. "I'm not meant to tell anybody but I trust you guys."

The group leaned closer to Matt, eager to hear what the big secret was. "See when I was eight," Matt started, "Dumbledore tested my magic and it turns out I'm really powerful. I can do wandless magic and I have control of fire."

"Wow mate, that's awesome!" Ron exclaimed, clapping Matt on the back.

"I don't know much about elementals, I'll have to read up on it." Hermione told them, laughing at Hermione's immediate need to know everything on the subject. Matt, Ron and Hermione started to make their way towards the castle. Leaving Harry and Hagrid standing at the forest edge.

"Good luck for your match this Saturday." Hagrid said.

"Thanks Hagrid," Harry replied smiling,

"I'll be watching."

"Thanks Hagrid, that means a lot," Harry replied.

"Well you better get going, no doubt your friend Neville will have stayed up waiting for the story."

"Yeah," Harry replied, starting to run up towards the castle.

"And Harry,"

“Yeah,”

“We’re all here for you.”

“Thanks Hagrid,” Harry replied before turning around and running up towards the castle.

“Harry can you pass the bacon?” Neville asked.

“Sure” Harry replied,

“Mr Potter.” Spinning around Harry saw Dumbledore standing there. Turning away from Harry he faced Matt. “Your first lesson is at 5:00 p.m. Sunday night and the password is sherbet lemons. See you then.” Dumbledore told Matt before striding away to the staff table.

“That was odd,” Neville said as the post owls swooped in, “Dumbledore never just addresses a student like that.”

“Hmm,” Harry murmured, “well Matt is a special case. Hey Neville how you been doing on the leg-locker curse?”

“Not bad,” Neville replied, spreading butter on his toast and taking a bite. “I just need someone to practice on.” He looked hard at Harry.

“Alright,” Harry said, “I just hope I don’t regret agreeing to this.”

“Oh you will.” Neville replied taking another bite of his toast.

Harry was about to reply when a owl dropped a letter in his bacon. Turning it over Harry saw his Dad’s handwriting and ripped into the letter.

Dear Harry,

I heard from Matt what happened at detention, you had one hell of an adventure. Your mother is worried sick about you two. I just wrote this to wish you good luck in your first Quidditch game, play well son.

Dad

Looking up Harry saw Matt had a letter to but his was longer. Probably telling him how they proud they are about him saving me, Harry thought, totally jealous.

"Jealously doesn't suit you Harry. You have to work hard to get your parents attention, so stop pitying yourself, that is the first seed of evil." Aidan told Harry.

"I know your right Aidan," Harry agreed. "I just can't help it."

"I understand but don't let your jealousy get the better of you. It is best that you learn this now then when you are in so deep you don't know how to let it go. Would you really like all the press Matt gets."

"NO!"

"See there are bad sides too,"

"thanks Aidan."

"No problem, but I think you should stop talking to me now. Neville is starting to get worried."

"Right," Harry said and turned his attention back to his friend.

"Hello, anyone home?" Neville rapped Harry's head.

"Ow, Neville stop it." Harry cried.

"Sorry Harry, but you just didn't seem to be with us on Earth."

"I was just getting my morals straight." Harry replied.

“Ooookkkk,” Neville said, unsurely. “Back to the leg-locker curse, when are you going to practice that?”

“At break I think, history of magic is after that and Binns won’t notice if we come in later.” Harry suggested.

“Sounds good,” Neville replied, “well, better get to charms.”

“Lets go,” Harry said, picking up his bag and following Neville out.

“Locomotor Mortis!” Neville shouted, pointing his wand at Harry. For the twenty-eighth time that day Harry felt his legs snap together putting him off balance and making him topple backwards so he landed on his bum.

“I think you’ve got it Neville, and I don’t think my butt can take much more of this.” Harry remarked, reversing the curse.

“Ok” Neville agreed brightly, helping Harry up. “You really think I’ve mastered it Harry?”

“For sure,” Harry replied.

“Yes,” hissed Neville jumping up in the air.

“Come on Neville,” Harry called from outside the classroom. “History of magic awaits us.”

“Lets go!” Neville said with fake enthusiasm.

“You’re not going anywhere Longbottom.” Malfoy stepped out from behind a suit of armor, Crabbe and Goyle backing him up.

“What do want Malfoy?” Neville asked sourly, turning around to face him.

“Want, I want you to get hurt.”

“Well as much as a want to fulfill your every desire Malfoy, we’ve got history of magic so if you don’t mind.” Harry told Malfoy sarcastically,

turning around and striding down the corridor, Neville behind him. Winking at each other, the pair waited for the curse they knew was coming and weren't disappointed. "Locomotor Mortis!" Malfoy shouted.

Spinning around Neville got hit with the curse and Harry already had shot off a body-binding curse at Crabbe who was charging at them. Trusting Neville to take care of himself Harry rounded on Goyle, who had fixed all his tiny brain power on hitting Harry. Bringing Goyle down with another body-binding curse, Harry's eyes landed on Neville and Malfoy. Neville was fighting hard, sending everything he had at Malfoy, leg-lockers and body bind curses flying from his wand at one per second. In minutes Neville had brought down Malfoy with a leg-locker.

"What do you want to do with them Harry?" Neville asked.

Minutes later the two boys were running down the corridors to class, leaving three Slytherins hanging by their underwear on the torches.

"HARRY!" Neville shouted.

"Ahhhhhhh!" Harry screamed jumping out of bed. "What is it Neville?"

"Quidditch," Neville replied.

"What!" Harry yelled, pulling open his trunk and wrenching out his robes, before starting to hurriedly pull them on. "What time is it?"

"5:00" Neville replied.

"What?" Harry asked, stopping pulling on his shoes to gape at Neville.

"5:00" Neville repeated.

"You mean to say you woke me up at 5:00 in the morning?" Harry asked.

“Yep.” Neville replied, “isn’t it great?”

“Ahhh!” Harry lunged at his friend. “I’ll get you!” He called racing out of the dorm after Neville.

“I still can’t believe you got me up at 5:00 in the morning.” Harry told Neville again at breakfast.

“I can’t believe you fell for it, I mean it was dark outside for goodness sakes.”

Harry growled.

“Ok, ok, letting it go.” Neville insisted.

“No-one is up!” Harry gestured to the empty hall.

“Good morning Harry.”

“Except him, why is he up? Morning Wood,” Harry greeted, turning around on the bench to face the Gryffindor Quidditch captain.

“Jolly good Harry, up early I see, too excited to sleep?”

“Something like that,” Harry said with clenched teeth.

“Well your up just in time, grab some toast you can help me inspect the pitch.” Wood said enthusiastically.

“Oh joy,” Harry said with fake enthusiasm, grabbing some toast he whispered to Neville on his way out. “Thanks soooo much Neville.”

“No prob,” Neville replied, continuing to munch his toast. “See you at the match.”

“Alright team this it,” Wood started.

“The big one,” Fred interrupted.

“The one we’ve all been waiting for,” George continued.

“Shut it you two,” Wood said loudly.

George leaned over and whispered to Harry as Wood continued to talk. “We learned Wood’s speech by heart, we were on the team last year.”

“All team, head out.” Wood finished and the Gryffindor team headed for the pitch.

The Gryffindor team arrived on the pitch to thunderous applause, the Slytherin team stood waiting in the middle. Walking into the middle of the pitch both teams faced each other.

“Shake hands captains,” Madam Hooch instructed. “Now I want a nice clean game from all of you, on my whistle.” With a loud blast from Madam Hooch’s whistle the game was off.

“And the Quaffle is taken by Alicia Spinnet,” Harry didn’t hear much else of the commentary, he was too busy searching the pitch for the snitch. Scanning the pitch Harry just barely avoided a Bludger that came pelting his way. Rolling his broom and watching the bludger fly over him, George Weasley racing after it Harry flipped right side up and continued to search for the snitch. Gliding around the pitch, Harry saw a flash of gold and dived after it. Realizing half-way through the dive that it was a reflection from Fred’s wristwatch Harry changed direction, suddenly spiraling upwards and he watched as the Slytherin seeker plunged past him only just pulling out of the dive in time.

Half listening to the commentary Harry heard Lee suddenly shout out. “Was that the snitch?” Scanning the pitch hurriedly Harry saw a flash of gold whizzing along the ground. Diving after the snitch, Slytherin seeker no-where to be seen Harry gained ground fast, just then Slytherin captain, Marcus Flint, blocked him. Pulling his broom out suddenly to prevent a collision, Harry shot skywards.

“Fowl!” Cried the Gryffindor supporters.

“Fowl!” Echoed Madam Hooch, flying up to Marcus and giving Gryffindor a penalty shot. Angelina Spinnet easily put the Quaffle through the middle goal hoop and play continued with the score at 40-10 to Gryffindor.

Harry returned to his position fifty feet above the pitch, scanning the pitch for the snitch again Harry felt his broom buck suddenly.

“What?” Harry exclaimed out-loud as his broom gave another vicious buck.

“What the heck?” Harry said out-loud, trying to turn his broom downwards Harry found he couldn’t control it. “What’s happening?”

With another violent jerk Harry found himself hanging under his broom barely holding on.

“Someone is jinxing the broom, find them in the crowd.” Aidan instructed Harry.

While Harry searched feverishly for the person jinxing his broom, Hagrid had spotted something wrong.

“Want does Harry think he’s doing?” Hagrid asked staring through his binoculars.

Neville gazed up worriedly up at his friend.

“It looks like he can’t control his broom.” Matt sitting next to Hagrid exclaimed.

“How?” Neville asked, “did Flint do something to it?”

“Can’t hav, can’t nothin’ interfere with a broomstick but dark magic.” Hagrid told them, staring through his binoculars at Harry.

Above them Harry felt his broom lurch powerfully. "Harry find someone who's not blinking," Aidan told Harry.

Harry gaze flicked to Quirrel, his eyes fixed solely on Harry. As Harry's eyes made contact with Quirrel Harry felt his entire body burst into pain. Letting go of his broom Harry plummeted towards the ground. His broom now realized from Quirrel's control hung in the air.

"Accio!" Harry shouted and his broom shot forwards into his hand, ten feet from the ground. Harry pulled his broom under him and shot along the ground, only to see the snitch next to him and grab it. Tumbling to the ground his hand closed tightly around the gold ball Harry stood up, waving his hand in the air he called out.

"I got the snitch," and the game ended in complete confusion.

"Well done Harry," Matt clapped Harry on the back. "That was an amazing dive you did."

"Yeah Harry that was amazing!" Ron agreed. "What was with that broomstick though?"

"Someone was jinxing it," Matt told everyone, "and I'll bet anything it was Snape."

"Snape?" Harry asked,

"Yeah your right mate," Ron agreed. "That's just like Snape."

"Harry!" Neville called running up to his friend through the crowd. "That was one of the coolest dive I've even seen."

"Thanks," Harry said.

"What was that spell you used to summon your broom?" Neville asked.

“Accio,” Harry replied, “I’ll teach you.”

“Yes,” Neville hissed “now I can finally summon my toad.”

“You lost him again?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, oops,” Neville replied. “So can you teach me now?”

“Yeah, sure, see you guys later.” Harry called to Matt, Ron and Hermione as he and Neville raced off down the corridor.

“What are you doing these holidays?” Neville asked at in the common room after dinner on Sunday night.

“I have to go home, Mum and Dad have to train Matt and I have to go too.”

“You could come over to my place sometime if you want,” Neville suggested.

“That’d be great Neville,” Harry exclaimed.

Smiling Neville went back to his homework. Just then the portrait hole opened and Matt stepped through. Walking over to where Harry and Neville sat doing homework he collapsed into a chair.

“You guys seen Ron and Hermione?” Matt asked.

“Ron went to the kitchens and Hermione’s in the library. How was the lesson with professor Dumbledore?” Harry asked.

“I was, ok” Matt said.

“What did you do?” Neville asked, turning away from his transfiguration essay to face Matt.

“Well first he had me do these breathing exercises for about an hour. Then he gave me a feather and told me to make it float without the incantation but still using my wand. I couldn’t even get it to budge, it was so frustrating. That’s about all we did and Dumbledore told me he didn’t expect anything more, it took him three years to master what he can do. I have to do practice though which sucks.”

“I’d love to be able to do wandless magic, won’t you Harry?” Neville asked, “I mean you wouldn’t need your wand in a duel it would give you such an advantage.”

“Yeah that’d be cool,” Harry agreed.

“Yeah well it’s hard work to master,” Matt argued.

“Oh well one can dream,” Neville said.

“Yeah we can dream,” Harry agreed.

“What you guys doing?” Matt asked, changing the subject.

“Homework,” Neville replied.

“Really?” Matt asked, “what are you doing?”

“Transfiguration,” Harry told Matt, turning back to his essay.

“Why are you doing it now, it’s due Monday.”

“Precisely,” Harry said. “It’s due Monday morning and it’s now Sunday night you think it needs to be done.”

“Not yet,” Matt replied lazily. “I’ll just copy off Hermione’s.”

“She lets you do that?” Harry asked.

“No,” Matt replied, “but hey like you said a guy can dream.”

“Well don’t dream too long or you’ll find yourself on the other end of McGonagall’s tongue.” Neville told Matt.

"Done," Harry said, finishing with a flourish.

"I've still got three feet to go," Neville moaned.

"You can copy mine if you like," Harry offered.

"No I think I'll just finish it off now,"

"I'll copy yours," Matt volunteered.

"Not you," Harry hit Matt over the head with his homework.

"Ow," Matt whined.

"I think I'll get an early night," Harry announced, gathering up his things.
"Night all."

"Night Harry," Matt and Neville called as Harry made his way towards the dorm.

Turning around Neville returned to his homework. A few minutes past with only the chat of the common room and Neville's pen scratching on parchment before Hermione walked into the common room. Sitting down next to Matt, she sighed.

"Find anything?" Matt asked in a whisper. Neville stopped working on his homework to listen.

"Nothing," Hermione whispered back. "It's like Nicolas Flamel doesn't exist."

"He does though and he must be important because he has something hidden at Hogwarts and guarded by a three headed dog for goodness sakes, but what?"

"Do you have a library at home?" Hermione asked.

"Hermione this is no time to be thinking about books,"

"No," Hermione interrupted. "Your library might have something on him."

"Oh right, well I'll check the Potter library over the holidays then, that's huge it'll probably will have something on him." Matt whispered, then speaking normally he began to ask Hermione about her holidays.

Hurrying to finish off his homework Neville scribbled a few quick sentences, bidding goodnight to Hermione and Matt he hurried up to the dorm.

"Harry," Neville burst into the dorm room, "I just overheard Matt and Hermione talking about something hidden in the school and guarded by a three headed dog."

"Mmhmm that's nice Neville," Harry murmured, rolling over.

"Harry, wake up," Neville strode over to Harry's bed. "I'm gonna throw you off this bed if you don't get up." Neville warned.

Harry only reply was a grunt,

"I warned you," Neville said, "Wingardium Leviosa." Levitating Harry till he was about three feet off the floor Neville dropped him.

"Ahhh," Harry moaned sitting up fast.

"What was that for?" He asked,

"You didn't wake up," Neville replied, "anyway listen to this." Neville told Harry what he had just overheard.

"Your pulling my leg," Harry said,

"No really," Neville insisted.

"Serious?" Harry asked.

"Yeah,"

“wow,” Harry remarked. “This is huge, it’s like an adventure.”

“Yeah, it is,” Neville was starting to get excited. “What are we going to do?”

“Do?” Harry asked, just as excited, “we’re going to find out all about Nicolas Flamel. Hey do you think the third floor corridor that’s out of bounds is where the dog is?”

“Oh man,” Neville exclaimed. “That’s gotta be it.”

Giving up on sleep totally Harry and Neville spent all the time till Matt and Ron came up to the dorm, talking about what the three-headed dog could be hiding and why it was hidden.

“You have to owl me all the time over the holidays,” Neville told Harry. Then in a whisper added, “owl me if you find anything out about him.”

“Right and same to you,” Harry agreed in a whisper then speaking normally added. “I better get lots of owls telling me how you’ve been exercising without me running you around the castle.”

Neville snorted. “Yeah right, the only exercise I’m doing these holidays is walking from my bedroom to the fridge. Here’s the train.”

As the train pulled into the station the two boys heaved their trunks into the compartments. Only stepping on four people’s feet, which was quite an accomplishment for Neville.

The train ride home was over too quickly for Harry and Neville. Before they knew it the pair were walking through the barrier back to Kings Cross station and leaving to find their families.

“Harry, wait!” Matt called, pushing through the crowd on Kings Cross.

“Hey, Matt,” Harry greeted, watching his brother bend over, panting.

“Matt! Harry!”

Spinning around Harry and Matt dropped their trunks just in time to be grasped tightly in a hug from Lilly.

“Mum,” Matt moaned.

“Careful Lilly, don’t squash them.” James Potter came up next to his wife.

“Oh,” Lilly let go.

“Thanks Dad,” Matt said happily.

“Any time,” James replied, ruffling Matt’s hair. “Got to watch out for those hugs, I remember my own mother doing that to me.”

“It wasn’t like I was going to kill them,” Lilly said indigently.

"Of course not Lilly," James assured. Then tactfully changing the subject with practiced ease James asked. "So boys, how was Hogwarts?"

"It was amazing Dad, just like you said it would be. Snape is awful just like you said he would be but everything else is brilliant. I was wondering if you would help me plan a prank on Malfoy." Matt talked very fast to his father.

"Oh course," James exclaimed, "what are you thinking." As the pair drifted away towards the car park, James carrying Matt's trunk that he had charmed to be feather light. Lilly turned to Harry.

"And what do you think of Hogwarts, Honey?" She asked.

"It's great!" Harry exclaimed. "The teachers are brilliant, I really like charms and transfiguration, Professor McGonagall and Flitwick are really great. I like the spells in DADA but the teacher is really weird and smells."

"That's great honey," Lilly told Harry. "I'm so happy for you."

"Thanks mum,"

"Come on Lilly, Harry!" James called.

"We better hurry before your dad gets impatient." Lilly said. "Do you want help with that?" She gestured to Harry's trunk.

"I'm right mum," Harry said. Picking up his trunk and following Lilly to the car park.

"When's training?" Matt asked at dinner that night through a mouthful of pumpkin.

"Don't talk with your mouth full." Lilly scolded.

"Six tomorrow morning," James replied through a mouthful of peas.

"James set an example." Lilly cried out.

"Sorry honey," James said his mouth still full.

"I give up," Lilly cried, going back to her dinner.

"Is Harry training with us too Dad?" Matt asked.

"Yeah, now I think about it, he should." James turned to Harry.
"Tomorrow morning at six, be at the quidditch pitch Harry."

"Yes Dad," Harry replied quickly.

"Now it's time for puddings!" James exclaimed.

After dinner, where James and Matt competed of who could eat more pudding, James won at fifteen. Harry went up to the library to look for a book on Nicolas Flamel.

"Start in the famous people section." Aidan recommended.

"Good idea," Harry replied.

Pulling ten books off the shelf Harry sat down in one of the many armchairs and started reading. He was still there, three hours later. Having now read over thirty books he was no closer to finding out who Nicolas Flamel was then when he first came in. Picking up another book Harry started to read. By the twentieth chapter about some guy who invented some potion, Harry's eyes were drooping. By the twenty-eighth chapter he was fast asleep.

"Mmmhhhh," Harry groaned as the sun penetrated his eyes. Turning his head away from the sun, he tried to go back to sleep but whatever he was lying on wasn't very comfortable. Rolling over to get more comfortable, Harry rolled out of the armchair and into a pile of books.

CRASH!!!

“Ow,” Harry moaned, buried under about thirty books. “Why am I here?” He asked out-loud, getting up from under the books.

“Don’t forget training,” Aidan told Harry.

“Training!” Harry cried. “Why am I always late?!”

Dashing from the library Harry raced down two flights of stairs, jumping down the stairs three at a time. Reaching the last flight Harry jumped the last seven stairs to the floor and landed, cat-like in the entrance Hall. Springing up Harry dashed through the oak doors and out onto the pitch. Remembering how familiar this scene was the last time he had trained with Matt.

Skidding to a halt in the centre of the pitch next to Matt, Harry was there only two seconds before James strolled out through the front doors.

“Lucky,” Matt whispered to Harry as James strode across the grounds. “You almost were late again.”

“Almost,” Harry replied, smiling “but not quite.”

“Hello boys, today we’re doing something different.” James exclaimed, reaching Harry and Matt.

“What Dad?” Matt asked, sounding excited.

“Today boys we’ll be doing transfiguration. But not only that, we’ll be doing a bit of animal transformations.”

“Are we doing animagus?” Matt asked.

“No, your mother won’t let me teach you yet.” James sounded disappointed. “However I’ve bought along some pin-cushions that you must transfigure into a hedgehog then back again. You got that Matt, Harry?”

“Yeah” Matt and Harry said.

Gesturing to a box next to him James said. “The pin-cushions are in here, Matt you can practice by yourself for a while, I’ll check on you later. I’m just going to help Harry this first time.”

“Sure dad,” Matt replied stepping forward to take a pin-cushion out of the box then walking away to sit under a tree on the outskirts of the quidditch pitch.

“Now Harry,” James turned to face Harry. “You’ve never done much transfiguration and this is very advanced magic for first years so don’t be disappointed if you can’t get this. I’d be surprised if you could do this by the end of the holidays and you’ll be practicing everyday. Now to start off I want you to picture the hedgehog in your mind. Once you’ve got it say the incantation, *feriekhinos*, pointing your wand at the pin-cushion and go from there. Ok?”

“Got it dad,” Harry said.

“Good lad,” James ruffled Harry’s hair. “I’ll check on Matt then I’ll be back.” As James walked away, Harry turned to the pin-cushion sitting in-front of him.

Hedgehog, Harry thought, Hedgehog. Closing his eyes Harry brought up a picture of a hedgehog. I want a hedgehog. Concentrating hard on the pin-cushion turning into a hedgehog Harry pushed his magic out. Opening his eyes Harry saw the pin-cushion exactly the same.

“Aidan, how do I do this?” Harry asked.

“You must learn this by yourself Harry, experiment that is the best way to learn.”

“Alright,” Harry moaned, going back to the pin-cushion. After hours of practicing Harry’s pin-cushion had made no progress. Matt’s now had the pins joined to the cushion and had started to go brown and James congratulated Matt all through lunch.

In the days leading up to Christmas, Matt and Harry practiced magic everyday. They covered transfiguration, charms and DADA. Harry's pin-cushion, much to James' delight, had sprouted legs and the needles were fully brown. Harry had tried for hours to get the spell right so his Dad would see he could do magic. It hadn't helped that on the same day Matt had transfigured his whole cushion into a hedgehog, but like they say, you can't have everything.

Today however Christmas day, there was no training on Christmas day; it was a day for family. Remus and Sirius had come over to spend the day, bringing with them presents for all the Potters. The housewives were given the day off, not that they took it but they willingly ate with the family for Christmas dinner. At eight thirty in the morning however Matt and Harry's eyes sprang open as if on springs, Christmas meant presents. Matt's bedroom was located on the fifth floor opposite the dueling room, much to his complaining that he would much rather be next to the kitchens. Harry's room was on the third floor, in the room just down the hall from the library. The boys had stopped sharing a room when they turned eight. They chose their own rooms; Harry chose his room because it was near the library and Matt chose his because he couldn't have the one next to the kitchens, it was reserved for Sirius, and his had a good view. As both boys bolted out of their rooms Harry reached the dining room first, being on a lower floor, Matt only minutes behind him.

The dining room had quite a large amount of presents. No-where near as much as the first couple of years when Matt was first the boy who lived and it was all new to people but still quite a few. Harry's presents were always stuffed into the corner, under the fifth chair. It was tradition ever since his parents had forgotten to get him presents a few years ago for his and Matt's birthday. Harry had figured they forgot since he had already searched the room before hand but still appreciated the gesture. Another tradition of the Potter family was that no-one could open any presents till the whole family was there, housewives and all.

As the minutes ticked by Matt began pacing the floor, every now and then stopping and muttering about how slow people were at getting up. The only reason Matt hadn't gone and woken James and Lilly up himself was because of what happened last year. Knowing his son's

inpatients, James had set up traps in along the hall leading to Lilly and his' room. Matt never did wake his parents up again.

"Hey, Matt," Harry said. "Want to go flying?"

Turning around, his face breaking into a grin, Matt nodded his head. "Race ya!" He called over his shoulder, already out the door. "Hey!" Harry called sprinting after Matt.

The boys raced around the pitch on their brooms; ducking and diving, weaving in and out of the goal posts until their already messy hair stood straight up. It was 10:30 before they came in, to be greeted by the smells of bacon, eggs, toast everything you can think of. Breathing deeply in the smell of breakfast cooking the boys, found themselves in a bone-breaking hug from their mother.

"Merry Christmas," Lilly exclaimed.

"Merry Christmas Mum," Harry said after being released from Lilly's hug.

"Yeah, Merry Christmas Mum," Matt echoed rubbing his ribs.

Just then the fire went green and a man with wild black hair stepped out. His eyes danced with mirth, his smile a permanent fixture on his face, shone out like a light.

"Uncle Sirius!" Matt and Harry cried, running to embrace him.

"Matt, Harry!" Sirius cried out, just as excited, pulling both boys into his arms. "What have my two favorite boys been doing?" Sirius asked. "Looks like you just got off a broom, with hair like that."

Laughing nervously Harry tried to flatten his hair but it only stood straighter. Sirius gave out a bark like laugh at this and started to tell stories about James at school and his eternal battle with his hair right before his first date with their mum.

Half-way through his story the fire flared green again. This time a man with shaggy brown hair stepped out of the fire-place, his blue eyes shining with youth, his robes looked new.

“Uncle Remus!” Matt and Harry cried again, jumping up from their seats next to Sirius and running to embrace Remus.

“See ya got yourself some new robes Remus,” James said, walking into the room. The boys returned to their seats to let Remus hug James.

“Don’t I get a hug?” Sirius said indignantly. “Well I may not be giving you a Christmas present this year James.”

“Then you won’t mind leaving now before dinner then will you?” James joked.

“You can have a present.” Sirius said quickly.

Everyone in the room, but Sirius burst into laughter. “Want?” Was all Sirius had to say.

Christmas day went by fairly normally, Remus, Sirius, Lilly and James talked about their time at Hogwarts. Matt, Harry, Remus, Sirius and James played Quidditch and then came dinner. Sirius ate so much he was almost sick then he saw dessert and decided he could eat more. Then came the best part, according to Matt and Sirius, the presents.

All of the Potters plus Remus, Sirius and the houselves were crowded around the huge Christmas tree sitting in the entrance hall. The presents piled underneath it.

“Ok everyone,” Lilly said find one present. As soon as it was out of her mouth Matt and Sirius dived into the presents, Remus just summoned his after laughing at Sirius. Lilly laughed at Sirius too before realizing James had done the same thing and started laughing at her husband. Once everyone had their presents, they began ripping into them, thanking the people who had given them. Matt was the last one, opening presents from fans and writing their names on cards so he could thank them. When there were only two presents

left Matt picked up a badly wrapped present, it looked whoever had wrapped it did so with their eyes closed and the material it was wrapped wasn't normal wrapping paper. Looking at the tag to see who sent it Matt saw not his name but Harry's. Smiling Matt exclaimed, "it's for you Harry."

At this Harry was shocked, for him, all the people he knew had already sent him presents so who could this be from. Taking the present Matt held out from him Harry pulled at the strange wrapping, watching as it fell away from the gift Harry gasped. Inside the wrapping was a book, a book on elemental magic.

"What is it Harry?" Remus asked bending over.

"It's" Harry started but Sirius snatched the book from him.

"It's a book!" Sirius exclaimed. "It's called um, Remus you took ancient runes, what does that say?"

"Sirius give the book back to Harry," Remus scolded.

"It's ok Uncle Remus, what do you make of it anyway?"

Sirius handed the book to Remus and the group watched in amusement as Remus' eyes went wide.

"This is amazing," Remus said breathlessly. "I've never seen anything like this, this writing."

"Can I see Harry?" Matt asked, leaning forwards.

"Sure," Harry replied.

The book was passed around the group each person saying the same thing, that they couldn't read it. When everyone had looked at the book Lilly looked to Harry.

"Do you know who sent it?" She asked.

“No um.” Harry said, grabbing the material used to wrap the book and looking for a tag. “It doesn’t say.”

“Darn,” said James. “I wanted to know who would send you something like that.”

“It could be Dumbledore,” Sirius suggested.

“Yeah,” James agreed, “I’ll call in the morning and ask him. For now however I think we all better be getting to bed.”

“Yeah,” Harry yawned, “night uncle Remus, uncle Sirius, Mum, Dad, Matt, Merry Christmas.” Getting to his feet, Harry headed for the stairs, the book under his arm.

“Yeah night,” Matt agreed jogging to catch up to his brother, the last present sitting forgotten under the tree.

It was about 1:40 in the morning before everyone in the Potter house fell asleep and Harry could light a torch to read the book by.

“Aidan,” Harry said. “It’s safe to come out.”

“About time,” Aidan said, Harry’s phoenix tattoo lit up and gentle warmth flowed through Harry’s body as his familiar emerged.

“I feel like I’ve been in there forever.” Aidan moaned.

“Aidan?” Harry asked. “Do you know what this book is and who it’s from and why only I can read it?”

“I don’t know who could have sent it but I do know why you can read it.”

“Why?” Harry asked.

“Don’t be impatient,” Aidan scolded “you can read the book because you are a descendant of the ancient dragons. That book is written in the dragons’ language and what it was wrapped, I’m guessing that is what 1000 year old dragon hide looks like.”

“So I can read it?” Harry asked.

“You should read it,” Aidan said. “That book will teach you more about elemental magic than I could ever teach you.”

Harry grabbed the book from his bed and flipped to the first page. Looking at the runes on the page Harry found the words reading themselves in his head.

You whom read this book seek to learn to control the elements. To call fire, harness earth, control water and manipulate air. Few magical creatures can do this but even less humans have the power to control just one element. You however have the power within you to control all four, as each of the elements awaken in you a new passage in this book will be revealed. This book contains knowledge of thousands of species, use it wisely.

Flipping the page Harry read the title, Control of fire.

The next morning Harry and Matt were back into training, James didn't miss a beat and soon declared that the boys were old enough for some physical training and they were up even earlier running laps of the grounds. It was about one week after Christmas that Harry received an owl from Neville, it read.

Dear Harry

How was your Christmas, mine was really good I got this book on horology. How's training going with Matt you're going to have to teach me everything about what you learned. Well that's about it write back soon.

Your friend Neville

Grabbing a quill from his desk Harry wrote back.

Dear Neville

My Christmas was great, we had Uncle Sirius over and he nearly puked! Then ever one laughed at him, it was really funny. We played quidditch and I got loads of presents, I also got a book. Except I don't know who it's from and it's all in runes, I'll tell you more about it when we get back to Hogwarts. Training is going great I'm learning lots but Dad has got Matt and I doing laps so I'll be really fit when you see me next.

Your friend Harry

Going down to the entrance Hall Harry found Merlin, the family owl, sitting on his perch. "Can you take this to Neville?" Harry asked, handing Merlin the parchment. Grabbing the parchment in his claws Merlin hooted and flew off.

The holidays went by much the same for Harry, exercise, train, eat, fly, practice, search for Nicolas Flamel, practice fire control, sleep. It was four days before the end of the holidays that Harry's routine was broken. Dumbledore dropped in to the Potter's house; he had come to take a look at Harry's book. Halfway through a set of fifteen push-ups a shadow stretched over Harry. Looking up Harry's eyes met the twinkling blue eyes of ones Albus Dumbledore.

"Professor Dumbledore," Harry said, getting up. "My parents are inside."

"I know lad, no I came here to see that book you got for Christmas," Albus' eyes twinkled. "Your father owled me about it, I wouldn't mind a slice of your mother's delicious Christmas cake though while I'm here."

Harry smiled, "I'll go up and get the book now if you want. Mum is probably in the dinning room and I'm sure she's give you some cake."

"That's sounds very good to me Harry and when you bring down that book you'll have to tell me about your holidays."

"Yes professor," Harry agreed, as he and professor Dumbledore started walking up towards the manor.

"I hope you're looking forward to going back to school." Professor Dumbledore struck up conversation half-way across the grounds.

"Oh yeah," Harry said enthusiastically.

Professor Dumbledore chuckled, "that's what I like to see," he said, "enthusiasm in my students. Hello Lilly."

They had reached the front doors and Lilly stood there ready to greet them.

"Hello Albus," Lilly said, "come in, come in we were just about to have some cake."

Albus winked at Harry.

"You're here about Harry's book then Albus?" Lilly asked.

"Yes," Albus replied, "and for a piece of your Christmas cake."

Lilly laughed. "Of course Albus, Harry hurry up and get your book and bring it down to the dinning room."

"Yes mum," Harry replied, already half-way up the entrance hall stair case.

When Harry returned to the dining room, his book under his arm, he saw professor Dumbledore eating a slice of cake, his dad leaning against the wall with another slice of cake and his mum seated on Dumbledore's right reading a book and Matt leaning against a wall next to his Dad, trying to grab his cake.

Dumbledore looked up just then, "ah Harry you're back, good and with the book I see."

"Oh yeah," Harry pulled the book from under his arm and held it out to Dumbledore.

Taking the book Dumbledore, looked at the writing on the front, before opening it and flipping through the pages. Every gaze was

fixed on Dumbledore while he did this, waiting to see if he could read the writing.

After looking through the book about four times, Dumbledore looked up at Harry, “my boy, what do you make of this?”

“Oh um well,”

“Don’t tell him anything!” Aidan yelled.

“Nothing,” Harry finished.

“I thought as much,” Dumbledore sighed, “from what I can see, this is written in one of the ancient languages, long lost by the wizarding race.”

“Is it dangerous for Harry, should you keep it?” Lilly asked.

“Not at all,” Dumbledore said, “in fact, now I think about it, it may be for the best that Harry keeps this book. It must have been sent to him for a reason so for now it will stay in his position.”

Dumbledore handed the book back to Harry, who took it with eagerness. “Now,” Dumbledore said, rubbing his hands together. “I for one would like to see just what both of you two have been up to over these holidays and I need to see how Matt’s fire control and wandless control is doing would you two be up for dueling each other?”

“Oh yeah!” Matt yelled, jumping up. “I was born to duel.”

“What about you Harry?” Dumbledore asked.

Harry smiled mischievously, “bring it on Matt, bring it on.”

Standing outside facing each other on the quidditch pitch, wands at the ready, Matt and Harry waited for James to give the ok.

“Bow!” James yelled and Matt and Harry bowed to each other, eyes never leaving each other’s face.

“Begin!” James yelled.

Harry and Matt sprang forward, spells already on there way.

“Petrificus Totalus!” Matt yelled.

Harry flattened himself to the ground and felt the spell brush the top of his hair.

Jumping up, Harry cried “locomotor mortis.”

“Wingardium leviosa,” Matt countered, levitating a branch in the way of the spell.

“Locomotor mortis,” Harry shot off again.

“Protego,” Matt yelled. Spinning around Matt transfigured all the leaves on the ground into needles.

“Wingardium Leviosa,” Matt said, shooting off needle after needle.

“Accio!” Harry shouted, summoning a branch to his hand and using it to shield himself from the onslaught of needles.

“Accio, Harry’s wand,” Matt shouted.

“Huh,” Harry didn’t have time to grab his wand as it flew out of his hand and into Matt’s waiting one.

“Damn,” Harry said as the duel ended.

“YES!” Matt yelled, pumping both arms into the air.

“Nice, work both of you,” Dumbledore congratulated, “that was a amazing duel.”

“Thanks professor,” Matt said, happily.

“Yeah,” Harry said sadly.

"Don't be mad Harry," Matt said, handing Harry back his wand.

"I've been doing this for years, you've only been doing it for a few months, you'll be beating me up real soon."

Harry's face broke into a grin, "thanks Matt." He said, taking back his wand. "You wouldn't mind me watching you train for wandless and fire control would you?" He asked.

"No way, that'd be cool," Matt said.

"Great!" Harry grinned.

Dumbledore smiled at the boys, "well Matt if you're ready we can start now."

"Ok," Matt said. "Dad, Mum are you staying?"

"No, I've got pranks to plan, I mean letters to write." James said hastily as Lilly glared at him.

"I wish I could," Lilly said, "but I have to see to the housewives, now you boys listen to professor Dumbledore."

"Yes, Mum," Matt and Harry said in a drow.

"That's my boys," James said ruffling Matt's and Harry's hair, then walking up towards the castle, Lilly following.

"Now first we'll do some meditation, you remember what to do?"

"Yeah," Matt moaned, "I know."

"Good, now Harry you can do this too, just sit however is comfortable and look inside yourself for your magic. Try not to go to sleep though."

"Alright," Harry grinned, sitting down cross-legged and letting his eyes drift shut.

They meditated for about an hour; Matt spent half of it sleeping, then went on to practice wandless magic.

Holding his wand Matt waved it in the pattern for levitation for the umpteenth time that day but nothing happened.

“Ahhh,” Matt groaned. “Professor why is nothing happening, I spend hours practicing this and nothing ever happens.”

“Be patient Matt,” Dumbledore said, “wandless magic takes a long time to master. I’m guessing that by the end of the year you’ll be able to levitate that feather but for now just keep trying.”

Dumbledore kept Matt at wandless magic for another hour before changing to fire control. Pulling a candle out of his robe pocket Dumbledore placed it in-front of Matt.

“Now” he said, “feel for the fire, feel for it and picture it lighting that candle.”

Matt squeezed his eyes shut and looked almost in pain.

“Relax,” Dumbledore said.

Softening his face Matt continued to focus on the candle and it was another hour later before Dumbledore put the candle away.

“Now Matt,” Dumbledore said. “I know it doesn’t seem like anything is happening but for the first couple of months it won’t. For now it’s just about finding out where your power comes from and calling it forward, once you’ve got that all the rest will come easily. Keep up the good work.” On that note Dumbledore departed, turning on his heel he strode towards the edge of the Potter’s grounds so that he could apparate back to Hogsmeed.

“Well that was boring,” Matt moaned.

“Come on you can’t say that being able to do wandless magic isn’t cool.” Harry countered.

"No way it's so awesome," Matt exclaimed. "It will give me the real edge in a duel but all the same I really hate all the practice."

Harry snorted. "You hate anything you have to practice for."

"Yeah, of course," Matt said in voice that clearly stated what else would you expect. "Except quidditch," he added as an after thought.

Harry snorted again "I shouldn't have expected anything else from you,"

"And don't you forget it." Matt said, then slinging an arm over Harry shoulder said. "Now little brother, with only four days left of these holidays, I have some potions homework that I need your advice on."

Laughing Harry swung his arm over Matt shoulder, "of course you need my help." Harry said. "Now what is it I can do for you."

The Potter household was buzzing with noise with only minutes before they had to leave for the Hogwarts express. Matt and James were stuffing as much food as they could in their mouths, Lilly was fussing around getting the trunks ready and Harry, Harry was nowhere to be seen. This wasn't such an uncommon occurrence for him, and since he had been spending a lot of time in the library lately the Potters didn't worry.

Harry was not in the library though, he was in the forest surrounding the Potter mansion, just a few metres in, in a clearing going through a set of exercises. Keeping watch over him was Aidan.

"Five more minutes Harry" Aidan spoke up from one of the bottom branches of an oak tree.

Harry looked up from the ground where he had just collapsed after the second set of ten push-ups. "Why only five minutes?" Harry asked confused, getting into a sitting position.

"Oh you're not going back to Hogwarts then?" Aidan asked smugly.

"What! What's the time?" Harry yelled, jumping straight to his feet and looking hurriedly around the clearing in search of his wand.

"It's over there," Aidan said in exasperation, pointing with his wing to the bottom of a tree.

"Oh yeah," Harry said, jogging over and scooping it up from the ground and pocketing it, "thanks Aidan."

"How did you ever live without me?" Aidan asked.

Harry just grinned, then held out his arm. "Hurry up, we have like five minutes to get back."

"Fine" Aidan said and disappeared from the branch in a flash of fire and appeared as a tattoo on Harry's arm.

“Lets go,” Harry said to no-one in particular and turning towards the edge of the forest broke into a run, his black Hogwarts robes whipping out behind him.

Stopping just outside the oak front doors to straighten his robes, Harry slipped through the doors, not making a sound so he didn't have to answer any questions about what he had been doing out on the grounds at this time of the morning. Just as he closed the front door a bang erupted from the stairs above.

“What was that?” James asked coming running out of the dinning room.

“Sorry!” Matt's yell echoed through the floor, “I dropped my trunk, Mum what did you put in this thing?”

Shaking his head, James returned to the dinning room, leaving Harry standing in the entrance hall.

“Well Aidan, everything is normal again, in a few minutes Matt will drop his trunk down those stairs, almost take me out and levitate it at the last moment. Mum will rush in calling to us to get ready to take the portkey to Kingscross and Dad will come running in with some kind of food in his mouth.” Harry said in his mind to his familiar.

It happened just seconds after the last words had left his mouth, Matt dropped his trunk down the stairs and it flew through the air, Harry hit the deck with practised ease after years of doing just that and it stopped just above his head as Matt levitated it to the ground on his right. Lilly rushed into the room, stuffing her wand into her robe pocket and ushering the boys towards the door while calling over her shoulder to her husband. Who came rushing out of the dinning room some bacon hanging out of his mouth, just as Harry had predicted it would all happen.

Minutes later the family was standing on the grounds touching an old newspaper, Matt and Harry trying to hold their trunks waiting for 10:45 to come around and the portkey to activate.

“Ten seconds,” James commented, “nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one!”

The familiar tugging behind his naval signalled to Harry to grip his trunk harder as he was wrenched from the Potter grounds with the rest of his family. As the fierce wind whipped through his hair, Harry gripped his trunk just a bit tighter, it was all over in just a few seconds and Harry landed hard on his rear.

“Mmm” Harry moaned, taking the hand offered to him and letting Matt pull him to his feet. “I will never get used to those things,” Harry groaned, Matt snorted.

“You’re meant to be supporting me,” Harry whined.

Just then the train’s whistle blew and Lilly hurried the boys onto the train, kissing them both good-bye and going back to stand next to James on the station, ready to wave them off.

Matt and Harry were walking along the train looking for an empty carriage. Half way down the train someone called out. “Harry! Harry, wait up!” Turning around Harry came face to face with Neville, out of breath from lugging his trunk along the train.

“Neville!” Harry cried, dropping his trunk and slapping Neville on the back, causing him to double over.

“Not so hard,” Neville winced.

“Sorry,” Harry said, grinning.

“Ok,” Neville said standing up again, “what have you been doing these holidays, you have to tell me all about it?”

“Lets find a compartment first, then I’ll tell you everything,” Harry said picking up his trunk again, Matt had left them to find Ron and Hermione. Motioning for Neville to follow, Harry started to walk down to the train. After searching through the next couple of compartments

and stopping for a few minutes to greet Ron and Hermione who were sitting with Matt, Neville and Harry found an empty compartment.

“So what did you do?” Neville asked, flopping down onto a seat and letting his trunk fall on the floor.

“Normal stuff, you know practising spells, presents, big feast on Christmas.” Harry remarked as he levitated Neville’s and his trunks into the racks above the seats, then flopping down on the seat opposite Neville.

“You didn’t do anything about Nicolas Flamel then?” Neville asked leaning in closer.

“I looked through all these books,” Harry said, leaning in as well. “But nothing, Hermione’s right it’s like he doesn’t exist.”

“He’s got to,” Neville said. “I been wondering where they heard about him though, I mean it’s not the sort of thing you pick up at breakfast and the teachers didn’t say anything and what has this got to do with a three headed dog?”

“I have no idea, hey wait did he say it was in the castle?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Neville said suspiciously.

“Well then it has to be on the map,” Harry said getting excited. “I’ve got it in my trunk.” Getting up on his seat and pulling his trunk down onto the seat and pulling it open Harry rummaged through his things until he pulled out the map.

“I solemnly swear I am up to no good,” the map came to life, words wrote themselves across the page, until a detailed map of Hogwarts was displayed. Both Harry and Neville poured over the parchment, “what are we looking for?” Neville asked.

“I don’t know” Harry said “something that looks like it shouldn’t be there, some odd corridor or something.”

It took about ten minutes before Neville spotted something. “Hey, what about that?” He said pointing to a dot on the third floor marked Fluffy.

“Fluffy?” Harry asked, “what a name. That’s weird it’s like the corridor just ends with no wall and if we’re assuming Fluffy is a three headed dog and no dog will just stay in a corridor like that.”

“I know,” Neville agreed, “but Dumbledore wouldn’t just stick it there for nothing.”

“That’s it!” Harry exclaimed, “that’s where what ever Nicolas Flamel’s thing is, the dog is in-front of it. The corridor, it must be charmed not to appear on anything, that’s why the map can’t see it.”

“The dog’s guarding it then?” Neville asked.

“Yeah that must be it,” Harry exclaimed. “Nicolas Flamel must have asked Dumbledore to take care of it for him.”

“It must be really valuable if Dumbledore took care of it” Neville remarked.

“Or really dangerous,” Harry agreed.

“But what I want to know is why he didn’t just put it in Gringotts?” Neville asked.

“I bet he did,” Harry said, excitedly. “Remember the break in, he must have got it out the same day and brought it to Dumbledore and asked him to take of it because he thought it was in danger.”

“Someone must really want it then it then if they risked breaking into Gringotts.” Neville agreed.

“That has to be it and Dumbledore must have gotten the dog to guard it and charmed all the corridor leading up to it to keep it safe.” Harry said.

“So it’s safe then?” Neville asked.

“No!” Harry exclaimed. “Like you said, if someone would risk that much to get it from Gringotts that it’s in Hogwarts isn’t going to stop them, they’ll try again.”

“So what do we do?” Neville asked.

“We wait,” Harry said, “keep our ears open and head down and keep trying to find out what that dog is guarding. It could give us a clue to who wants it.”

“You think we should talk to Matt, Ron and Hermione?” Neville asked.

“What do you think Neville?” Harry asked.

“No,” Neville replied, “I don’t think they would listen. I mean, Hermione maybe but Matt and Ron not a chance. I think we should just keep this to ourselves for now.”

“I agree,” Harry said, “it’s our secret for now.”

The compartment door opened at that moment, “anything off the trolley dears.”

The rest of the journey was pretty normal; Harry and Neville played exploding snap while eating the lollies they got off the trolley, talked about the new school term and before they reached Hogsmead station Neville changed into his robes, Harry didn’t need to as he came with them on because he took a port-key

At the station students streamed off the train and into the crisp summer air, pulling on robes, talking to friends and generally being

noisy. Weaving through the crowd Harry and Neville were talking about class.

“I reckon the best class will be charms, I mean we’ve done levitation and studied all that stuff about the charms on broom and stuff and Professor Flitwik was talking about lighting fires.” Harry said, pushing past the students.

“Maybe,” Neville said, “but I think herbology will be the best, I love creating new things like that, growing stuff.”

“You’d like potion then,” Harry remarked. “If you like making stuff happen that is.”

Neville made a face and Harry laughed.

“If we didn’t have Professor Snape you might.” Harry said.

“Yeah” Neville agreed, “hey are those carriages horseless?” Neville pointed to the carriages sitting on the path up to Hogwarts.

“It looks like it,” Harry said, moving forward and looking slightly confused.

“Aidan, I know something is there I can almost feel it but I can’t see anything,” Harry said.

“ You can’t see them because only someone who has seen someone die can.” Aidan replied. “You can feel their magic and they will call to you but you can’t see or hear them.”

“What are they called?” Harry asked, standing in-front one of the carriages now and looking at where the horses should be.

“Thestrals” Aidan said, “now I suggest you get in that carriage or people will wonder why you are standing there staring at something they can’t see.”

“Right,” Harry said distractedly, climbing into the carriage with Neville and staring blankly out the window at the carriages moving towards the castle, lost in thought about the thestrals and if he had been in the room when Voldemort died why couldn’t he see them.

“Hey Matt!” Harry called up the Gryffindor table when he and Neville sat down. Those carriages could you see anything pulling them?”

“No!” Matt called back, his mouth full of chicken, “why?”

“Nothing,” Harry said, shaking his head. “It’s nothing.”

“Hey Harry, you ok?” Neville asked, “you seem out of it.”

“I’m fine Neville,” Harry said, “I’m just thinking.”

“About what?” Neville asked, swallowing the lettuce in his mouth.

“The carriages,” Harry said and Neville didn’t push him but instead turned back to his dinner. The next morning came and Harry had let thoughts about the thestrals fade to the back of his mind to be pondered on at a later date. Everything at school went back to normal, lessons, homework, trying to find out who on Earth Nicolas Flamel was and it wasn’t until a trip to Hagrid’s that the routine was broken.

“What!” Harry shouted.

“Shhh,” Hagrid hushed, “I don’t need the whole castle knowing.”

“Hagrid you have a dragon in your hut, your wooden hut,” Neville pointed out.

“So?” Hagrid asked.

“Hagrid what happens when it gets bigger, you can’t keep a dragon in your hut.” Harry stated.

“’ e’s not doing ‘ny harm,” Hagrid said.

“Maybe not yet,” Harry said.

“But I don’t think it will be the same story in a few years.” Neville agreed.

“A few years, a few weeks,” Harry said. “That little dragon is going to double in size in the next week, triple in the month you won’t be able to fit him in the hut, let alone having to stretch his wings, you just can’t keep him.”

“He’s only a baby,” Hagrid said, “I can’t just leave him.”

“I know,” Harry said.

“Where did you get him anyway?” Neville asked stretching his hand out to pat the dragon and pulling it back quickly when he went to bite it.”

“Stop it,” Harry said to the dragon, not really thinking about it and the dragon clamped his jaw shut.

“How’d ya do that?” Hagrid asked.

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“You told Norbert,” Hagrid started.

“You named him?” Neville asked.

“Oh course I did,” Hagrid said, “he needs a name just like you.”

“Don’t interrupt, how did you get Norbert to shut his mouth like that?” Hagrid asked.

“Oh,” Harry said. “You know how I am with animals, they just listen to me.”

“I believed you when you were seven and the flobberworms were eating your Dad’s attempt at cooking but dragons aren’t flobberworms and Norbert listened to you.” Hagrid insisted.

“Well,” Harry stuttered, “I just have, I can’t really explain it they just listen to me.”

At that moment Norbert burped up a fire ball, catching Neville’s robes on fire, successfully distracting all questions about Harry as they tried to put out the fire.

It was within the next week that what Harry predicted came true, Norbert had doubled in size and Harry and Neville were no closer to finding anyone that would take a Norwegian Ridgeback but it turns out that it wasn’t them that came up with the solution of where Norbert could go, it was Matt. Matt and Ron had arranged for Ron’s brother Charlie, who worked with dragon’s, to take Norbert and that Saturday they were picking him up at the Astronomy tower. Needless to say all didn’t go as planned, Ron got bitten by Norbert and he was sent to the hospital wing and when Saturday night came around Matt and Hermione left to take Norbert and Neville and Harry were sitting in the tower playing chess, it was about half an hour past midnight when the portrait hole opened to reveal a very depressed looking Matt and Hermione.

“What happened?” Neville asked, springing to his feet.

“Malfoy,” Matt said, slumping down in his chair. “He knew we had Norbert, probably heard us talking or something, he didn’t prove anything but we left the invisibility cloak at the top of the tower, stupid.”

“You got caught?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Matt moaned.

“We’ve got detention,” Hermione whined.

“It’s not that bad,” Harry said.

“Not that bad,” Hermione shouted, “we lost one hundred points.”

There was silence in the common room.

“You lost one hundred points?” Neville asked.

“Yeah McGonagall caught us, she was so mad.” Matt muttered. “I can’t believe we were so stupid as to leave the cloak at the top of the tower.”

“Well as fun as sitting here feeling sorry for ourselves is, I need so sleep, exams are next week remember.” Harry tactfully changed the subject.

“Exams!” Hermione cried. “I almost forgot.”

“Yeah right,” Matt murmured, “I’m going to bed.” With that he stood up and disappeared up the boys staircase.

“Me too,” Neville and Harry chorused, following him up.

The following weeks were spent studying for the exams, Harry and Neville spent all their breaks in the library and it was on that Saturday that Matt and Hermione detention took place.

It was about ten to eleven that night that when Matt and Hermione left for detention, leaving Harry and Neville sitting in the common room studying, Ron was sitting in one of the armchairs snoring.

“What’s the incantation for the levitation charm and perform it?” Harry quizzed Neville.

“Wingardium Leviosa,” Neville said, levitating a book next to Harry.

“The charm to start a small fire?”

“Flammano” Neville said, setting his notes on fire and quickly trying to extinguish them.

“Make this book sing?” Harry pulled out his potions book.

“Carmenboa,” Neville said, making the book utter high soprano notes before Percy Weasley hissed at them to be quiet.

“Finitie,” Harry whispered and the book fell silent.

“That’s it,” Harry said, “you know it all.”

Neville grinned, “great, only history of magic left to study and we’re done.”

“Yeah then one week to worry about how badly we did.” Harry said.

“Great thanks Harry, I was going to spend that week relaxing but now you’ve got me all worried.” Neville said.

“No problem,” Harry replied happily.

Neville just rolled his eyes. “I can’t believe Matt and Hermione have to go into the forest again. Wonder what they’ll be doing in there.”

“Don’t know; now quiz me on history of magic.” Harry demanded.

It was two in the morning before Matt and Hermione returned, both Harry and Neville were still studying and Ron was still asleep in one of the chairs by the fire and after waking him up Matt retold what had happened to them in the forest.

“The unicorns are still being attacked,” Matt started.

“What?” Harry interrupted.

“Let me finish first,” Matt said, “anyway the unicorns are still being attacked and Hagrid took us in to find another one. Draco and I were

put in a group with Fang and Hermione was with Hagrid, well it started off ok and we split up and followed the path right, then we got to the clearing, the same one that me and Harry were in.”

“Harry and I,” Hermione corrected.

“Whatever,” Matt said, “anyway the unicorn was there but it was dead and the creature was drinking from it again and then the creature came at us and Draco screamed like a girl and ran off so did Fang and I running backwards, trying to get out and I used the flame charm but it just went out and I thought I was done for and then a centaur jumped out of the trees. Right over me and hit it and knocked it over and he told me to hop on, imagine a centaur, they hate riders. Well I got on and he took me to the edge of the forest and while we were riding I asked him why that creature was in the forest and he told me that it was killing the unicorns to stay alive.”

“What?” Neville asked.

“Why does it need to stay alive?” Harry asked. “Killing a unicorn for life means your cursed you can never fully live. No-body can want life that much.”

Matt eyes suddenly went wide. “Well I’m really tired I’m gonna hit the hay, night.” Matt stuttered, running up the stairs.

“Me two,” Ron agreed, “me three,” said Hermione, all of them leaving the common room to their respectable beds.

“Well that wasn’t suspicious at all,” Harry commented sarcastically.

“Yeah but I guess we know why that thing is in the forest now,” Neville remarked.

“I’m not sure we got the full story though,” Harry said.

“I can agree there,” Neville said, “but why would they keep something back.”

“I don’t know but there hiding something and I think I know what it is.” Harry remarked.

“Well can you fill me in?” Neville said.

“There are hundreds of forests where unicorns live in the world,” Harry said, “and Hogwarts is really well guarded that includes the forest. Why then would someone want to specifically hunt unicorns in this forest that is really hard to get into, they have to have another reason for wanting to be at Hogwarts. Something they need at Hogwarts.”

Just then it clicked for Neville, “you think they are after whatever the dog is guarding?”

“I don’t think,” Harry said, “I know I just don’t know who it is but I have a feeling that they must be one of the teachers, I mean they have free-rein of the school and are trusted. They can wonder round without looking suspicious they get fed and have a place to stay, it’s the perfect cover.”

“Brilliant,” Neville said. “No-one would suspect.”

“That’s it,” Harry said.

“What?” Neville asked.

“You’re brilliant Neville!” Harry exclaimed.

“Um thanks, now what did I do?” Neville inquired.

“Someone no-one would suspect, my first thought was Snape,” Harry said.

“That sounds like something he would do,” Neville agreed.

“Yeah but that’s not right, the reason they are a teacher is so no-one would suspect and the first thing my mind jumped to is the mean,

grouchy old teacher the one who is most hated and everyone would suspect of something like this. Who is the last teacher you would suspect?" Harry asked.

"McGonagall," Neville said.

"Ok I can agree with that she is the last but she is too loyal to the school she would give her life for this school, no I think it's Quirrell."

"Quirrell?" Neville asked.

"Yeah, he stutters all the time, he's the one you think has no backbone, he seems weak, he is the last, um second last person you would consider to steal whatever that thing is."

"It really is brilliant," Neville said. "I think you're right and I'm with you all the way but what if we didn't get it right."

"Then we will have just done what Gryffindors have been doing for years, charging in head first." Harry said.

Neville grinned and Harry grinned back before he saw his watch. "It's three in the morning if we don't go to bed soon I'm going to fall asleep in this chair." With that statement both boys got up and left the common room for bed.

Exam week began on Monday and Harry and Neville had very little time to talk about anything. Both boys thought they did pretty well on their exams and the only really bad one was potions because Ron put in the ingredients in wrong and melted all his cauldron and five other people so they had to re-take it, the second time was better. It was after all the exams were done; Harry and Neville were sitting on the grass outside going over their exams when Matt, Ron and Hermione came charging up to them, out of breath.

"Harry," Matt puffed. "Can I have the map?"

"Sure," Harry replied. "It's in my trunk."

“Thanks,” Matt said and he, Ron and Hermione charged up towards the castle.

“Wonder what that was about?” Neville asked.

“I don’t know Neville,” Harry said. “But something is telling me we have to find out.”

“How?” Neville asked. “They have the map.”

“Yeah but they have to leave the common room to put it to any use so we just wait up for them.” Harry said.

“Sounds like a plan.” Neville said and he and Harry went back to discussing their exams.

Harry and Neville were alone in the common room seated deep in the armchairs by the fire so as not to be seen, waiting. The clock struck eleven and there was no sound for a few minutes, then voices came from the boy's staircase.

"Come on Ron, hurry up Snape could have put Fluffy to sleep by now." Matt's voice floated down the stairs.

"Have you checked the map?" Ron asked.

"No, there's no point, you can't see the corridor I only needed it to find the quickest route and if we take it, it might get ripped."

"Right," Ron agreed.

Harry and Neville heard two sets of footsteps coming down the boys staircase and stop in the common room. Silence only lasted for a few seconds before footsteps from the girl's staircase were heard and then Hermione's voice in the common room.

"Sorry I'm late guys I was going over some spells."

"Typical," Ron replied, rolling his eyes.

"I don't see you," Hermione started.

"Guys!" Matt interrupted, "don't fight remember why we're doing this."

"Right, sorry" Ron said sheepishly.

"Sorry," Hermione echoed.

"Let's get going then," Matt said turning from Ron and Hermione and starting towards the portrait hole.

"Where exactly are you guys going?" Harry asked, getting up from the armchair he had previously been occupying and standing in-front

of the three. Neville remained hidden as they had agreed so if Harry was jinxed, Neville would wait till the three left, unjinx Harry then they could follow.

“Harry!” Matt exclaimed in a whisper, surprised at his twin’s sudden appearance. “What are you doing here?”

“I could ask you the same thing,” Harry countered.

“Go back to bed,” Matt hissed.

“Why, so you can sneak out to some place you didn’t tell me about, I’m not going to let you go until you tell me where you’re going.” Harry said, forcefully.

“I can’t” Matt hissed again, “it’ll put you in danger.”

“You let Ron and Hermione in on it.” Harry stated.

“I didn’t really have a choice with them.” Matt replied. “Besides we’ve know for a while now and I’ve been training them. You haven’t been training and I’m not putting you in danger, go back to bed before I jinx you.”

“No.”

“I warned you,” Matt said. “Petrificus Totalus.”

Harry flattened himself to the floor, not wanting Matt to think he was being beaten too easily.

“Stupefy,” Matt hissed, aiming his wand at Harry who was still on the floor.

The red jet of light flew at Harry and hit him in the arm, making him fall to the floor, un-conscious.

Looking at Harry's motionless body Hermione spoke up. "Will he be alright?"

"Yeah," Matt said sadly. "I hate doing that to him because he's not as strong but it had to be done. Let's go."

With only a glance back at Harry lying motionless on the floor the trio hurried from the room.

As the portrait hole closed Neville jumped up from his armchair and hurried over to Harry. They had to be quick if they were going to follow the trio but from what they had over heard they guessed where Matt, Ron and Hermione were going.

"Enervate," Neville whispered, pointing his wand at Harry, they had known Matt would use something like that jinx and had spent some time practising its counter jinx.

Harry stirred with a moan and his first words were, "Matt can sure stun."

"Too right," Neville said helping him to his feet, "I could see the light from where I was sitting."

"Ready?" Harry asked.

Neville grinned, "Let's go."

The pair hurried out of the common room, heading towards the third floor. With Matt, Ron and Hermione with the invisibility cloak, they had to be very quiet and every noise sounded like a teacher to them but nothing really went wrong and they reached the third floor with no problems. They had passed Peeves in the corridor but he hadn't seen them and now they stood before the door to the third floor corridor.

Taking a deep breath Neville reached forward and pushed the door open. Stepping inside followed closely by Harry, both boys wands raised the sight that met their eyes was what they had been

expecting but it still came as quite shock as the pair came face to face with a three headed dog.

“Harry,” Neville whispered as the dog beared down on them. “What were we singing again?”

“Er, Mary had a little lamb.” Harry blurted out the first thing that came into his head.

“What?” Neville asked in out-rage.

“I don’t know just sing!” Harry screamed and started to up a tune.

Shrugging Neville broke into a very off tune song but it didn’t seem to worry the dog as it was starting to look drowsy. It didn’t take long before the dog had all it’s three heads resting on his paws and each one were snoring. Harry glanced around the room and spotted an open trapdoor. Motioning Neville to follow but keep singing the pair tip-toed carefully around the dog and over to the trap door.

“I’ll go first” Harry said, breaking the tune.

“We go together.” Neville said also stopping singing.

The dog began to stir, grunting and snorting. “On three we jump,” Harry said and the dog gave a bark.

“THREE!” Harry and Neville leapt into the hole, just as the dog’s jaws closed around the spot they had just been.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” The two boys screamed as they fell through the air, arms and legs flailing trying to get a hold of something.

“Oof.” Neville grunted as he landed first, unceremoniously in a heap while Harry flipped at the last second and landed like a cat on all fours.

“Why are you so co-ordinated?” Neville asked.

“Lots of experience falling on my head,” Harry replied, standing up to his full height.

“Great,” Neville sighed, rolling his eyes. “That’s what I have to look forward to, falling on my head.” Neville reached out with his hand and moved it over what had cushioned their landing. “Hey what is this stuff it feels like some sort of plant, lucky it’s not spiky.” He commented with a laugh.

“Do you know what this is Neville?” Harry asked, looking over at Neville and feeling a fear well up in his chest.

“No,” Neville replied calmly.

“Look at your legs,” Harry said.

“Ah,” Neville screamed in shock, struggling against the plant which had wrapped itself up to Neville’s ankles. “It’s trapping us.”

“You know what it is now?” Harry asked, a bit of fear creeping into his voice and he could almost see the gears turning in Neville’s head.

“Devils Snare?” Neville asked, as he stopped struggling.

“That’s right,” Harry said, standing very still.

“How are we going to get out,” Neville asked, lying like stone. “We need light and heat, fire we need fire. The flames charm, ah Harry I can’t move my arms,” Neville was starting to panic.

“Just lie there,” Harry said. Taking a deep breath he focused on the plant and envisioned a spark.

“Harry?” Neville’s voice sounded questioning as he lie very still.

Harry breathed out slowly, fire, he thought pushing the magic out. A spark quickly caught on the Devils Snare and before the boys eyes a

flame sprung up between them. Catching very quickly to the devils snare it began to burn the creepers. Instantly the boys felt the feelers withdrawing and they jumped to there feet leapt onto solid ground, eager to get away from the trapping plant.

“That was close,” Neville said his hands on his knees.

“Almost to close,” Harry agreed panting.

“Professor Sprout must have put that there,” Neville said standing up again.

“Yeah,” Harry agreed, turning to the passageway ahead of them.

Turning his head in the direction Harry was looking Neville spoke up. “Let’s go” he said, running ahead along the winding corridor ahead, Harry close behind. They ran along the winding corridor, torches being the only source of light until they were confronted by an oak door. Glancing at Neville and receiving a nod Harry pushed open the door and they stepped inside.

“What are they?” Neville asked, looking up at the ceiling. The room was full of brightly coloured objects with wings, they looked almost like birds.

“Birds?” Harry asked uncertainly.

“Shiny, birds?” Neville asked, just as unsure.

“The door’s over there,” Harry pointed to the over side of the room at another old looking door.

Neville shrugged and walked across the room with Harry beside him and tried the door.

“Locked,” he said, turning from the door to face Harry.

Harry sighed and looked up at the winged objects, studying them.

“Hey look broomsticks,” Neville said, pointing over to three lying abandoned on the floor.

“Broomsticks, why?” Harry trailed off, taking another look at the objects. “They’re keys.” He said.

“What?” Neville asked.

“They’re not birds, they’re keys and the broomsticks are to catch them.”

“Right and I’m guessing that’s the one we have to catch.” Neville said.

“How do you know?” Harry asked.

“It has a broken wing and I don’t see Ron, Hermione or Matt in here.” Neville replied.

“Smart,” Harry commented. “Well let’s get going.” Walking over to the broomsticks with Neville behind him, he picked two up tossing one to Neville and mounting his own.

Harry grinned at Neville before kicking off and soaring into the air. It took the two about five minutes to catch the key, it kept getting away but eventually they cornered into and landed.

“Why didn’t we summon it?” Harry asked.

“Not thinking about it.” Neville replied with a grin.

“Some rescue team we are.” Harry remarked with a laugh.

“Too right,” Neville said, “now put that thing in the door.”

Placing the key in the door and turning the sight that met there eyes in the next room was shocking to say the least. A giant chess board made up most of the floor, piles of black and white pieces were lying

on the side of the board, mutilated and on the right side was Ron, looking beat up, there was no sign of Matt or Hermione.

“What happened in here?” Neville asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry said looking around, “but I’m guessing they played chess and Ron got taken.”

“Is he alright?” Neville asked, looking concerned.

“Let’s check,” Harry said, jogging over to Ron and bending over him.

“He’s fine, just out-cold.” Harry said standing up. “From the look of this Matt and Hermione went on.”

“Then that’s where we’re going,” Neville said, looking towards the door at the end of the room.

Harry just nodded and started towards the door, wondering what the next task would be. As Neville opened the door to the next room a fowl stench met their noses.

“Ew,” Neville said, pinching his nose and stepping in. “Yuck it’s dead!”

A huge mountain troll lay on the floor, it’s head lolling to one side and looking kind of rotten.

“Arg,” Harry said, trying hard not to be sick, “that’s just gross.”

“Let’s get out of here,” Neville said, rushing to the over door.

“Right behind you,” Harry said, picking up the rear.

In the corridor after the troll Harry and Neville took some deep breath of air. “That thing was huge.” Neville said, “fully grown at least.”

“How did they get that thing in here?” Harry asked his hands on his knees and panting from lack of air.

“I don’t care,” Neville said, “as long as I don’t have to smell it.”

Harry nodded his head in agreement, “let’s keep going.” Harry said looking up just as Hermione burst through the black flame at the end of the corridor.

“Hermione!” Harry and Neville exclaimed.

“Harry, Neville?’ She asked looking shocked.

“Hermione, where’s Matt?’ Harry asked, looking worried.

“He went on,” she replied still shocked. “How did you get here?”

“That doesn’t matter, where are you going?” Neville asked urgently.

“To send an owl to professor Dumbledore, Matt’s taken on Snape.” Hermione exclaimed.

“I’ve got to help him,” Harry said, taking a step forward.

“You can’t Harry you’re not strong enough.” Hermione said, her voice full of worry. “Besides you can’t get through the fire. Just then the black flames seemed to die into the floor.

“I’m going to help my brother.” Harry said forcefully, taking a step forward. “You and Neville go back and send the owl to Dumbledore.”

“Ok Harry.” Neville agreed, knowing it wouldn’t help to argue, he knew his friend was strong even if no-one else thought so and he trusted Harry’s judgement.

“What?” Hermione exclaimed. “You can’t do that, why are you letting him go?” She asked turning to Neville.

“I trust him,” Neville said, “but you better come back alive,” he added.

“I haven’t died yet,” Harry said.

“What?” Hermione exclaimed again. “I won’t let you do this, Matt wouldn’t want you to do this, Snape is getting the stone for You-know-who he’ll kill you easily.

“Look I don’t have time for this,” Harry said, “Matt could be in trouble, hurry up and get back,” with that he stepped through the archway. Hermione went to follow but the black flames sprang back to life.

“Aren’t you worried, he’ll get killed?” Hermione snapped turning around to face Neville.

“More than you know,” Neville said sadly. “But Harry has to do this, there is no other way, his twin is in there, I couldn’t stop him. We don’t have time to argue about this though we have to get back.” Turning around Neville headed back towards the troll room, pinching his nose before opening the door.

Harry stood looking at the potions on the table; it hadn’t taken him long to figure out which one to drink, it seemed they replenished themselves once you had stepped through the fire. Looking at the purple flame in-front of him Harry uncorked the tiny bottle and drained it, in an insistent ice seemed to flood through him, making him shiver.

“You and me Aidan,” Harry said, stepping forward to stand in front of the flames.

“Forward to victory,” Aidan replied and Harry stepped through the curtain of flame.

Warmth flooded his senses as Harry stepped through the flames and emerged on the other side what sight on reaching the other side though was anything but warming.

Quirrell stood over Matt who was on the ground cornered against the stairs but it wasn't Quirrell's face that stared down at Matt, no the face didn't even look human. It had slits for nostrils and its eyes were blood red, its mouth looked like a scar that opened. The thing hadn't noticed him yet though, it seemed too caught up with Matt.

"Well, well the famous Potter, loses to Lord Voldemort what a day this is."

Harry felt ice flood through his blood and it wasn't because of the potion.

"You haven't won yet." Matt said defiantly.

"You have no spells to use against me and are cornered and soon to be dead but before I kill you and take the stone from your pocket I must ask you one thing. How did you survive?!" Voldemort hissed in venom.

"I don't know how I survived no-one does, I don't even remember that night." Matt said with the same defiance in his voice as he stared Voldemort right in the eye.

"Very well then," Voldemort said with a smirk, "you may kill him."

"NO!" Harry shouted stepping forward, Quirrell whipped around to face him.

"Harry, no!" Matt yelled, turning his head to see his brother.

"Kill them both!" Voldemort shouted in fury.

Still facing Harry Quirrell raised his wand, "Avada," and that was as far as he got, for Matt leapt up and grabbed his arm.

"Ah!" Quirrell screamed as his arm began to burn. Quirrell swung his arm around wildly trying to throw Matt off but he held on. Pointing his wand Quirrell started to say the killing curse but Matt seeing what he was doing let go of his arm. Spinning around Quirrell had a spell

on his lips before Matt was even off the floor. "Avada" Quirrell started but Matt flung out his legs and whipped Quirrell's legs out from under him, sending him tumbling to the ground and his spell shot up at the ceiling, causing some stones to fall. Matt flung himself out of the way of the stones but having not had much physical training the movement through him off balance and gave Quirrell the chance he needed.

"Avada Kedavra!" Quirrell shouted.

Matt just had time to throw himself to the ground as the killing curse shot over his head but he didn't see the large piece of stone fall from the ceiling. It hit Matt hard and a nasty crack was heard and Matt slumped on the floor.

This seemed to be just the thing to bring Harry out of the daze he was in. "NO!" He screamed and whipped around to face Quirrell, "you hurt my brother." Harry's eyes narrowed and Quirrell took a step back in shock.

"KILL HIM FOOL!" Voldemort yelled.

"Yes master," Quirrell replied and pointing his wand at Harry. "Avada Kedavra,"

A blinding green light erupted in the room and Harry hit the floor, the curse missing him by inches. Rolling over so he was in front of Matt, Harry flipped to his feet and his gaze fell on Quirrell.

"You may no longer harm my brother." Harry said, dangerously.

"Avada Kedavra," Quirrell cried again but this time Harry merely stepped to the side to dodge the curse which hit a foot above Matt's head.

"You will not hurt my brother!" Harry cried out and a light erupted in the chamber, it encircled Matt and swept outwards towards Quirrell who stood there in shock before the light engulfed him.

When Dumbledore rushed into the room minutes later the sight that met his eye's was horrifying. The room looked like there had just been a fierce fire, Quirrell's clothes lay on the floor filled with ash and a couple of steps away on the floor lay the two boys, much like the day ten years ago. Hurrying to the boys Dumbledore carefully levitated them on stretchers and rushed them up to the hospital wing, his mind over wrought with worry.

"Mmmmm," Harry groaned.

"Harry," a voice called his name.

"Mmmmm," Harry groaned again.

"Harry," the voice repeated.

Harry raised his hand as if to swat away the annoying voice but found it took too much energy and just let his hand drop.

"He's awake!" The voice called.

Harry opened his eyes, Neville stood over his bed, a huge grin on his face.

"Welcome back to the land of the living," Neville said happily.

"You're too loud," Harry moaned.

"Well you've been asleep for three days," Neville remarked.

"Three days!" Harry yelped and sat bolt up right in bed.

"This seems familiar." Neville remarked.

"Mr Potter!" Madam Pomfrey screeched.

"Hi Madam Pomfrey," Harry greeted.

“What do you think you are doing?” She exclaimed, bustling over to his bed.

“I was just talking to Neville, mmmm” Harry mumbled the last part as Madam Pomfrey had stuffed some chocolate in his mouth and pushed him back down on the bed.

“Mr Longbottom if you would so kindly leave, your friend needs rest.” Madam Pomfrey remarked shooing a grinning Neville out of the hospital wing.

Turning back to Harry she remarked. “That chocolate as you must already know seeing as you are awake had a sleeping potion in it and fighting it will only slow down recover so you had better just give in to it.”

Realising she thought he was fighting the potion Harry let himself fall into meditation.

After persistent pestering from Harry that he was fine, Madam Pomfrey gave Harry a check up in the morning and to her absolute shock and his pleasure it turned out he was in perfect health but he ended up staying in the hospital wing for another hour after being cleared because Matt had woken up.

“Mmmm what happened?” Matt asked, looking slightly confused as he sat up.

“Matt!” Harry exclaimed having just finished being pronounced clear by Madam Pomfrey. Turned around to face his brother and jogging over to his bed. “You’re awake.”

“Yeah,” Matt said. “Where am I?”

“The hospital wing Mr Potter.” Madam Pomfrey said, coming over to fluff Matt’s pillows.

“Why am in the hospital?” Matt asked, looking confused.

“It's seems that you took a rather nasty hit to the head and had slight magical execution.” Madam Pomfrey replied finishing fluffing his pillows and started waving her wand over Matt to check his vitals.

“Can I go now?” Matt asked, going to get up.

“Are all Potter's alike,” Madam Pomfrey exclaimed, pushing Matt back to the bed. “You may go when I say so.”

“But,” Matt started before a voice interrupted.

“Ah Matt it's good to see you're awake, I was just coming to see how you and Harry were.” Professor Dumbledore stood in the hospital doorway, his eye's twinkling. “If I may Poppy?” He asked.

“Why not?” Madam Pomfrey exclaimed, “no-one else seems mind that I have patients to attend to, go ahead professor.” With that Madam Pomfrey stormed off to her office.

“Hello Professor,” Matt greeted, happily, “how are you?”

“Oh I'm very well thank-you but it seems like I should be asking you that.” Dumbledore replied.

“Oh I'm well, not even sore,” Matt replied.

“Good, good,” Dumbledore said, “and you Harry?”

“Very well professor,” Harry replied politely.

“Jolly good, jolly good.” Dumbledore said, walking over Matt's bed and standing at the foot of it.

“Now on to some less pleasant matters,” Dumbledore's face seemed to sink as he reached the bed where Matt was lying; Harry was standing beside the bed.

“Is it about what happened dungeons Professor?” Matt asked, his face also becoming sad.

“Yes Matt,” Dumbledore answered.

“What happened down there sir?” Matt asked.

“You don’t remember?” Dumbledore asked, sounding very old.

“No, sir,” Matt replied, shaking his head.

“Harry?” Dumbledore turned his head to face the other Potter.

“Only when I walked in Quirrell was looking at Matt and, and -” suddenly something seemed to click in Harry’s brain. “Voldemort, Voldemort was attached to Quirrell’s head I think he was possessing him.”

“I think I remember that,” Matt said, “before you walked in Quirrell said he wanted the stone and he was going to break the mirror. I tried to distract him but he had me cornered in minutes. He unwrapped his turban and Voldemort was under it, he told me he had been living in the forest as a spirit, then Voldemort was offering me happiness saying only he could give me what I wanted and there was no such thing as good and evil. He was about to finish me off then you walked in,” Matt said, turning to Harry. “He turned to you and I grabbed his arm to stop him and my touch burned him then we kind of duelled and I dodged his curse and then I just don’t remember anything.”

“Is that what you remember Harry?” Dumbledore asked. Harry looked a bit pained as he tried to remember “yeah most of that but I remember also this bright, white light.”

“Light?” Dumbledore asked.

“Yeah, just light then nothing.” Harry said.

Dumbledore sighed. "What was the light?" Matt asked his hazel eyes turned to Dumbledore.

"I think," Dumbledore said "but I could very well be wrong. But I think it was you Matt."

"Me?" Matt asked.

"Yes," Dumbledore said, "you said you touched Quirrell right before you blacked out. My theory is that your magic, which is very pure, reacted with his and it created a kind of magically backlash, knocking you and Harry out."

"Wait, what happened to Quirrell?" Matt asked. "He didn't get the stone did he?"

Dumbledore grinned, "thanks to you and Harry here no he didn't. It would seem, if my theory is right that the backlash from your magic drove Voldemort from Quirrell's body."

"He's gone then?" Matt asked.

"Not totally," Dumbledore said sadly "but for now he is."

"What if he comes back for the stone?" Matt asked.

"Sorry to interrupt," Harry said, "but what's this stone."

"The philosophers stone, it can turn any metal to gold and make the elixir of life, which makes the drinker immortal." Matt replied, sounding very much like Hermione.

"You have done this right," Dumbledore said happily.

"But what about the stone," Matt said, not being deterred.

"Ah yes," Dumbledore said sadly. "Well the stone has been destroyed,"

“Destroyed but what about Nicolas Flamel, Matt exclaimed. Won't he die?”

“ You know about Nicolas, you really did do this properly,” Dumbledore said, happily, while Harry just looked confused but quickly put two and two together. “Nicolas and his wife will have just enough elixir to put their affairs in order and then yes they will die.”

“How can you be so calm?” Matt asked.

“Well, to Nicolas and Perenelle it will just be like going to sleep after a very, very long day. After all to the well organised mind, death is but the next great adventure.” Dumbledore remarked, chuckling at the face Matt pulled.

“Now how about these sweets,” Dumbledore said, gesturing to the rather large pile at Matt's bedside. “I don't think Lilly would approve you eating them all, but a few couldn't hurt.” Dumbledore said with a twinkle in his eyes.

Matt grinned and grabbed a bag of Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans. “Want one professor?” He asked holding the box out.

“Don't mind if I do,” Dumbledore said, “I had a rather unfortunate experience with these when I was younger and rather lost my liking for them but I think I would be safe with a nice toffee.” He said picking up a brown bean and popping it into his mouth then making a face. “Alas earwax.”

Matt snorted, “want one Harry,” he offered it to his twin.

“Thanks,” Harry said and grabbed a yellow bean chewed it and swallowed. “Lemon,” he remarked.

“Lucky,” Matt said, his face screwed up in disgust at the bean he had just eaten.

“Well,” Dumbledore said “I’ll leave you to it then.” With that he swept from the hospital wing and Madam Pomfrey bustled back and shooed Harry out before giving Matt a dreamless sleep potion.

The leaving feast was a very dramatic event, almost every one in the school, excluding the Sytherins wanted to know what had happened. It wasn’t known however that Harry as well as Matt had been down in the dungeons so he and Neville were left alone, which was the way they liked it. The giving of the house cup was the most exciting event of the feast however, for everyone but the Sytherins they didn’t seem too pleased when Dumbledore gave out all the extra points and Gryffindor snatched the cup from right under their noses. To Harry and Neville’s great pleasure they came second and third in the grade. Hermione came first and Matt came forth, his potions marks bringing him down. The time on Hogwarts express was a sad one, the school year was over Harry and Neville spent it playing exploding snap and when they pulled in at the station both promised faithfully to write over the summer. Then it was all over the school year was finished, the first year at Hogwarts was done but there were still six more years at the castle and a whole lot more adventures to come.